The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1930

TOPICS OF THE DAY

What to Expect from a Deadlocked Congress

TWO GENTLEMEN from Minnesota are to be much sought after in Washington during the coming months.

While personally attractive and able, they might be less conspicuous in ordinary times, but where one vote may decide an issue between parties, the holder of that vote, as the Savannah *News* remarks, "holds the ace of trumps."

Congress has never before been so closely divided between the two parties in both Houses as it will be next year—a single vote may decide organization and many legislative measures. So Senator Henrik Shipstead and Paul John Kvale, two Minnesotans of rural upbringing and Scandinavian descent, the only Washington representatives of the Farmer-Labor party, are being called "key men," and they are carefully refraining from committing themselves as to whether they will vote with the Republicans or with the Democrats.

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The Farmer-Labor "Key Men" of the 72d Congress

Senator Shipstead, at the left; and Representative Kvale, at the right.

The election may have been a landslide, but it took legislative power from the Republicans without giving it to the Democrats. John N. Garner of Texas, the Democratic House Minority Leader, and natural choice for Speaker, has no illusions about the political complexion of the next House:

"If Longworth is reelected Speaker, he knows that any time I want to I can make trouble for him, and if I should be elected, he knows he can do the same for me."

THE newly elected Congress looks like a box of mysteries. Do the Democrats plan peace or war? What can they accomplish? What may be expected from the insurgent Republicans, who will have to hold the balance of power in the House as well as the Senate? Is Mr. Hoover strong enough to control the situation? Some of these questions have already been partly answered by the Democratic party leaders—as will be noted further on. But before quoting any of the explanations from editors and correspondents, it might be well to examine a few figures collected by the New York *Times:*

Seventy-first Congress before the recent election: Senate, 56 Republicans, 39 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite; House, 260 Republicans, 160 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite, 14 vacancies.

Seventy-first Congress, short session, meeting in December: Senate, 53 Republicans, 42 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite; House, 267 Republicans, 167 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite.

Seventy-second Congress, meeting December, 1931: Senate, 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite; House, 218 Republicans, 216 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Laborite.

Here is a Republican majority of one in the next House, and a Senate tie which will call for the deciding vote of Republican Vice-President Curtis.

So close is the division that decisions still to be made in contested districts may change the control of the next House, to say nothing of changes due to death and disability. As Richard V. Oulahan observes in the New York *Times:*

"Experience has shown that no political party can control legislation in the House with a majority so small as the ultimate completion of the count will show for either the Democrats or the Republicans. A so-called working majority—that is, a majority capable of succeeding in what it undertakes—must be sufficient, numerically, to be able to overcome losses in its personnel due to deaths, recalcitrancy on the part of dissatisfied members, and the always possible chance that some Representatives will leave Washington without arranging offsetting pairs with those of the opposition.

"It has been the rule or the tradition that twenty-five is about the minimum of an effective working majority."

A POPULAR if somewhat gruesome question, writes Ashmun Brown from Washington to the Providence *Journal*, is: "How many Senators and Representatives will be buried before the meeting of the new Congress on the first Monday of December, 1931?" As Mark Sullivan observes in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The Congress that was elected does not come into existence until December 1 of next year, 1931. During that interval, by precedent and law of averages, one or two or three or more Senators will have died or resigned. A Democratic Senator may die and his successor may be appointed from the other party by a Republican Governor. Likewise, the reverse of this may happen, and almost certainly will. Whether the next Senate is Republican or Democratic by a margin of one or two, will be an 'off again, on again' thing for thirteen months.

"It is the same as to the House, only more so. In that body half a dozen or more members will have died or resigned by December 1, 1931. The successors of those dying or retiring will in some cases be of the opposite party.

"The net of all this is that no one knows whether the Congress coming into existence December 1, 1931, will be Democratic or Republican. No one can know until it actually sits, at noon of that day. All we can know is that in the Senate the margin

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will be one or two votes one way or the other, and in the House anywhere from one to five votes one way or the other.

"To say that all this must remain inconclusive until December 1, 1931, is not to belittle the importance of it. It makes much difference whether the Republicans or the Democrats organize one or both Houses of Congress, and elect the officials, and name the committees. It makes all the difference in the world to the respective parties, and all the difference in the world to certain fairly important individuals. As to the public and as to governmental policies, it makes very considerable difference.

"What is said here applies to organizing the two chambers, choosing the officials, and naming the committees.

"After organization is complete, regardless of which party does the organizing, a new condition arises.

"That new condition will be anti-Republican, surely. In

Did Anybody Get the Number of that Cyclone?

—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

matters of legislation both branches of Congress will be anti-Republican. They may be anti-Republican because the Democrats have an actual majority of their own. If the Democrats do not have an actual majority of their own, they will nevertheless dominate by means of a coalition between themselves and a little group of insurgent Republicans. In the Senate there will be a least twelve insurgent Republicans working with the Democrats, and in the House at least twenty."

But the legislative situation in the new Congress and, indeed, in the coming session of the old Congress, has been dramatically affected by a post-election statement signed by this notable group of Democratic leaders: James M. Cox, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Joe T. Robinson, John N. Garner, John J. Raskob, Jouett Shouse. The "remarkable victory" which has come to the Democratic party is described in the statement of the seven leaders as a "great opportunity for constructive service." With the country struggling with an economic crisis, the Democratic party is pledged to work for prosperity and—

"To this end the Seventy-second Congress will not be an obstructive body. It will not seek to embarrass the President of the United States, but will be glad to cooperate with him and with the members of the opposite party in the House and Senate in every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country.

"There will be no interruption to the steady progress of the business of government.

"There will be no holding up of necessary appropriations, no rejection of fit appointees to important places merely because these appointments are made by a President of the opposite party.

"Whatever changes may be considered necessary to rid the present act of its outstanding enormities, nothing is further from the minds of those who will direct legislation on the Democratic side than a general revision of the tariff.

"If there are delays, embarrassments and confusion in the Seventy-second Congress, the fault will lie with the failure of the other party to join with us in a conscientious effort to subordinate politics to the public good."

In the first place, the statement is taken by Elliott Thurston in the New York *World* (Dem.) to mean that "if the Republicans organize the Senate and House, and if subsequent shifts of a vote or two, by the accidents of fate and not the acts of the electorate, cast the balance in favor of the Democrats, the Democratic party will not take advantage of the opening to throw the Republicans out of command."

A reply from the Republican side has been made by Senator Watson, the Senate leader, in which he accepts it "with full faith," and declares that the statement "should steady the public mind," because "it gives assurance that there will be no attempt on the part of the Democratic party to support disturbing legislation." But the Senator can not help observing that while the election favored the Democrats, it gave them no "victory," but merely an even standing with the Republicans in Congress.

Here "is the first step of what had long been hoped in Washington would mean coalition government," writes David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch, and he suggests that "the Democratic leaders had everything to gain by their statement, because they were really making a bid for the support of the country in 1932, on the ground that the Democratic party could be trusted with power."

Undoubtedly, popular sentiment throughout the country "favors the truce powerfully," writes Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune*. But "the heart of the question is whether the rank and file of Democrats in Congress approve what their leaders did." Mr. Sullivan is inclined to believe that they do not.

Certainly editorial opinion is enthusiastic for the most part. "These are words of true statesmanship," declares the Providence *News-Tribune* (Dem.). "Nothing more hopeful and cheering could have come at this time," says the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.):

"In it the American people will see what they most long for at the present juncture—a cessation of the strife of tongues, a sort of party truce until after the joint endeavor to put the nation's business back on its feet has succeeded.

"There is really as good reason to-day to sink party differences and unite for a common national purpose as there was in the Great War.

"We have on our hands a formidable contest against unemployment and possible suffering. To win it, every force at our command will be required. Divided counsels should be ruled out.

"No leader ought to stoop to giving up to party what was meant for his imperiled fellow countrymen. The party name and principles may be kept intact, but held like a battle-ship out of commission for the duration of the commercial and industrial war.

"Famous in our political history was the so-called Era of Good Feeling.

"Far more auspicious is the promise now of an Era of Good Work."

The enthusiasm of many editors is represented by the Hartford *Times's* (Ind.) expression of its "faith that there is now one party alone in control, the whole people of the United States crowding shoulders together to smash the gloom of depression and clear away the clouds of uncertainty." The Springfield

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Republican (Ind.), noting both the Democratic statement and President Hoover's post-election statement—"the job for the country is to concentrate on further measures of cooperation for economic recovery"—continues:

"When good fortune again bathes the country with its smiles, there may be a furious ballyhoo about who most effectively helped it come back—the Republican Administration or the Democratic leadership."

But there are plenty of critics of the statement of the Democratic leaders, as the New York *World* (Dem.) notes editorially:

"There are irreconcilable Democrats who regard any tender of cooperation with their opponents as a sacrifice of party principles.

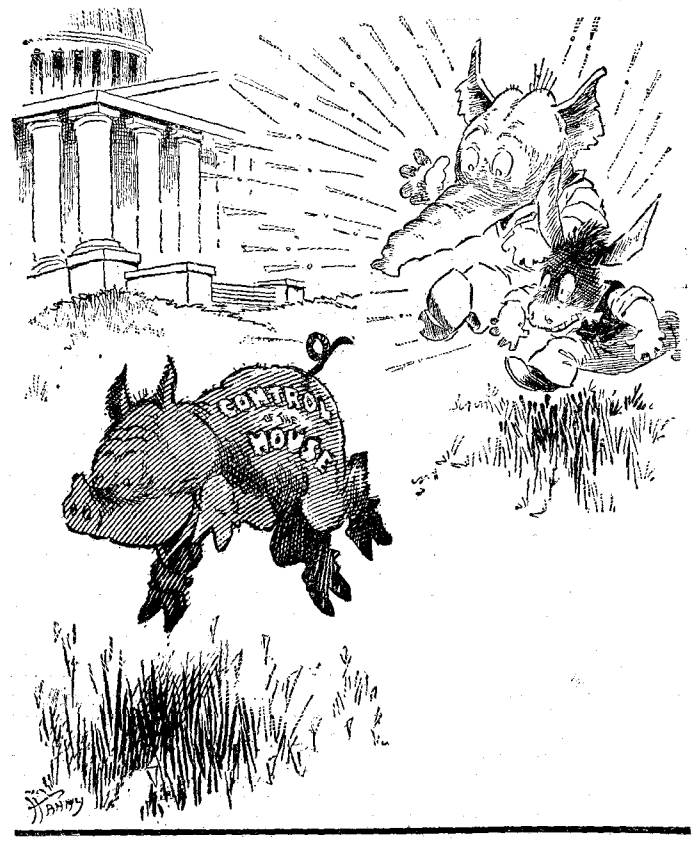
"There are dyed-in-the-wool protectionists who resent what the Democratic leaders have to say about the Hawley-Smoot tariff act.

"There are other high-hat Republicans who take umbrage at the Democratic claim of a great victory and the interpretation of the election as a vote of confidence from the country.

"And there are also insurgent Republicans who see in a Democratic pledge to cooperate with the Republicans a lessening of their chances for holding the balance of power between the two parties, and dictating the course of legislation."

And so we find, for instance, that veteran Republican campaigner, Senator George H. Moses, remarking, "Timeo Democrats et dona ferentes," and translating, "I fear the Democrats when bearing gifts." And here is insurgent Senator Brookhart hedging on his offer to help the Democrats organize the new Senate, and criticizing the statement of the seven Democrats as "having all the earmarks of the old familiar Wall Street bipartizan control." Democratic Senator Glass (Va.) is astonished that Democrats should "apologize for an apparent Democratic victory."

Some Democratic papers have their doubts. "If the Democratic party is to do the work that calls to be done in Washington," skeptically observes the Baltimore *Sun*, "it must not count upon cooperation with the party that has been and still is under the domination of insatiable seekers of tariff-pap, of weavers of inextricable nets of power-control, of stock-market manufacturers of mergers, and of politicians that play hot and cold with farm relief." While the Democrats certainly should not make political capital out of national calamity, they should, nevertheless, in the opinion of the Richmond *News-Leader*, subject the Hoover relief measures to a critical examination, and should strive above all else to form an alliance with the Western progressives.



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The Greased Pig
—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

Josephus Daniels denounces the pronunciamento in his Raleigh *News and Observer*, declaring that "instead of assuming a defensive and promising to be good," the party leaders should have issued a statement congratulating the country that the election "sounded the death-knell of privilege."

Passing from Democratic to non-Democratic critics, we find the Washington *Post* (Ind.) asserting that the mere existence of the "septuple" statement is proof that the Democratic leaders know that the country needs to be reassured after a Democratic victory. And it describes the sentences in the statement criticizing the existing tariff law as "a declaration of war against American industry." The Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.) somewhat skeptically observes that "the Democratic pledge not to play mischievous politics in Congress may be likened to a tippler's pledge to abstain from strong liquors." The Boston *Herald* (Rep.) is convinced, in spite of the declaration of the seven, that "once the Democratic party is dominant in Washington, it will presumably act in the traditional manner."

But that the Democrats will at least cooperate with the President in enacting emergency legislation in the coming short session of the Seventy-first Congress to relieve distress resulting from unemployment and the drought, there is general newspaper agreement. Here, observes the Democratic Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "is a job where the man in the White House can show his engineering ability; he will find the nation ready to help." It seems to the New York *Telegram* of the Scripps-Howard chain that—

"If President Hoover assumes vigorous political leadership hitherto lacking on vital issues affecting the prosperity and peace of the nation, we believe he will have the effective support in Congress of the best elements of both parties."

Lot of Mending to Do Before 1932
—Byck in the Brooklyn "Times."

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Wet and Dry Uproar Rising Higher and Hotter

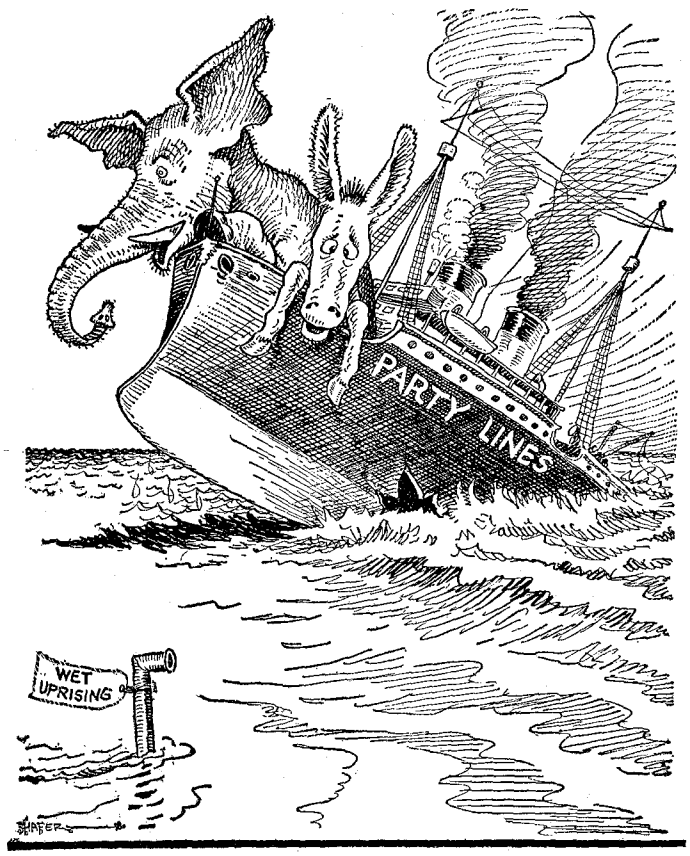
CLAWING AND SCREAMING, the Prohibition fight might now be likened to the cat that came back, except that it has never been away.

But it has found new vocal power.

To its already ample register of discords it added even shriller and harsher notes on November 4. And now it is in full voice, and grating on the country's nerves worse than ever.

How are we to get rid of this pest? Two methods: "Obey the law of the land," declaim the drys. And the wets: "Kill the law that saddled us with it."

From coast to coast, from gulf to lakes, the country is ringing with echoes of what happened at the polls the other day.



Torpedoed!

—Shafer in the Cincinnati "Times-Star."

What did happen? What is the status of Prohibition to-day as a result of the election in which three States, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Illinois, returned overwhelming wet majorities in referendums, and in which the wet-and-dry question was a factor in hundreds of fights for office? The answer is not easy to find, as may be gathered from the following:

"National Prohibition is tottering on the brink."—New York *Journal.*

But—

"Repeal of the Volstead Law is not in sight. Even further beyond the range of visibility is repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."—Chicago *Evening Post.*

Again—

"The disaster suffered by the cause at the polls is so devastating and so wide-spread as to render it impossible for the drys ever to reassemble their lines."—St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

But—

"The wet cause has as yet hardly made a dent in the dry predominance in Congress."—St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*

Thus each opinion fits snugly into its own groove. Our old friend, the Man from Mars, would have his troubles searching out the truth. True, he would hear some dry papers admitting that the wets have made substantial gains. But, on the other hand, he would hear wet papers asserting that the election results are nothing to get excited about.

TACKLING the matter from the Congressional angle may enable the reader to form his own conclusions about the wet-and-dry significance of the election. First, let us quote Henry H. Curran, President of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, who claims gains of five seats in the Senate and seventy seats in the House, and then give the answer of the Anti-Saloon League. Says Mr. Curran:

"As a sounding-rod of American sentiment against Prohibition this year's election is conclusive for repeal. Eleven sovereign States containing 45 per cent. of the people of the United States, voted for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. They did so by direct referenda or by their vote for Senator or Governor, with the repeal issue clearly in the campaign in either the primaries or the election or both. The list includes States with such heavy electoral votes as Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, together with the States of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

"In Pennsylvania, the normal Republican majority of over 800,000 was cut down to 82,054 by Hemphill, the Democratic repeal candidate for Governor running against Pinchot, the bone-dry Republican candidate. As the Pennsylvania Republican usually sticks to his party like glue, a shift to the Democrat as big as this is a repeal victory of big proportions.

"Let the leaders in both parties throughout the country now beware. Let them learn this lesson of 1930 taught by 45 per cent. of their fellow Americans.

"And let dry obstructionists learn that the Eighteenth Amendment will be retained or repealed by the vote of the people and by the people alone. It is not the business of Congress to amend the Constitution. Only the people can do that. Congress can only vote to submit to the people the question of repeal or else continue to stand in the way of a decision by refusing to submit it.

"Congress still lags behind the sentiment of the people. Yet even in Congress the 15 repeal Senators in the last Senate have now increased to 20 in the next Senate, consisting of 9 Republicans and 11 Democrats, a gain of one-third. The 75 repeal Representatives in the last House have now increased to 145 repeal Representatives in the next House, consisting of 74 Republicans and 71 Democrats, almost doubling the former number.

"In order to measure the real repeal strength in Congress, we must add to the Senators and Representatives who thus individually favor repeal, at least as many again who may not yet have come as far as that, but are ready any time to vote to submit the question to the people of the United States.

"The people are now about 3-to-1 in favor of immediate repeal.

"How long will a hesitating Congress do the dog-in-the-manger act and refuse to let this vital question go before the people for a vote? The demand of the American people to-day is 'Give us a vote on this!' That is all we want. The question is ready for decision."

The Senate gains claimed by the wets are: Illinois, Lewis; Massachusetts, Coolidge; Minnesota, Hoidale; Ohio, Bulkley; Rhode Island, Metcalf.

NOW for the Anti-Saloon League's answer, as quoted by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The dry cause has weathered the Democratic landslide and the unprecedented wet campaign in a remarkable way. The outcome proves the wisdom of the non-partizan methods. Were the drys all in one party, a landslide to the opposite party would be ruinous.

"In this year's election thirty-five Senators were chosen, and of these twenty-nine are dry and six are wet.

"The Prohibition issue was sharply contested in the election in the following States: Maine, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, Montana, and Delaware. The wets won in but two

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What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. Who are called the "key men" of the next Congress? (p. 5).
2. What makes Lewis's Nobel Prize "cheering"? (p. 16).
3. What gas was first discovered in the sun? (p. 47).
4. What is Lynn Fontanne's greatest achievement? (p. 17).
5. What is Bahaiism? (p. 20).
6. What has war done to H. G. Wells? (p. 18).
7. What device restores lost speech? (p. 31).
8. What new talkie covers 4,300 miles of country? (p. 36).
9. What was the motor death-rate in 1929? (p. 26).
10. Is child marriage permitted in this country? (p. 22).
11. When was Gandhi's life threatened in South Africa? (p. 38).
12. Who is "the man in the green hat"? (p. 10).
13. What is the chief drawback of a meat diet? (p. 26).
14. What "terms" did Capone offer Chicago? (p. 11).
15. How are wood, brick, and stone ill-adapted to modern building? (p. 31).
16. What seven Democratic chiefs call for cooperation with the Republicans? (p. 6).
17. How much was Tunney's latest victory worth? (p. 11).
18. How should one deal with a restless schoolboy? (p. 33).
19. What is Russia's new step toward world revolt? (p. 13).
20. What is meant by "dumping" exports? (p. 13).

of these seven—Ohio and Massachusetts. Other issues strongly prevailed in both of these States. Dry Senators were, however, elected in twenty-two other States, in which the wet candidates were not formidable or both candidates were dry.

"The next Senate will have at least ten more drys than the number that voted for the submission of Prohibition, and the vote then was 65 to 20.

"In the House the election returns show that about a dozen drys were defeated by wets, and these, added to the eleven drys who lost in the primary, will mean a total loss of about two dozen in the House. This leaves more than 300 drys in the next House and less than 135 wets, twenty more drys than submitted the Eighteenth Amendment. This estimate is generous to the wets. It represents scarcely a return to normalcy from dry gains in the previous landslide two years ago.

"A very significant fact is that no former dry who wabbled or betrayed primary declarations was elected.

"The fact that the wets have drawn the issue makes the drys of the next House more definitely dry as well as the wets more definitely wet.

"The outstanding gubernatorial contests were those in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Both George White, who won in Ohio, and Gifford Pinchot, who won in Pennsylvania, are outstanding and unwavering drys."

DID the election mark "the turn of the tide," as the Philadelphia *Record* and many other papers assert, or was it merely the "temporary flurry" that the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* calls it? Temporary or not, it is generally conceded that we have entered upon a new phase of the Prohibition régime.

The voluminous discussion welling up in the wake of the election eddies around several major questions: What reaction, if any, will be discernible in Congress when it meets next month? What are the possibilities that both major parties will turn wet? What are the prospects that the Volstead Law will be killed, the Eighteenth Amendment repealed? It should be borne in mind, of course, that the Congressmen elected on November 4 will not take their seats until December, 1931.

"One thing definite is that the Anti-Saloon League still controls both Houses," says Arthur Brisbane of the Hearst papers.

But "the numerical significance of the wet victories is of less importance than their psychological significance," asserts the Minneapolis *Tribune*, voicing the opinion of many editors. "The drys see themselves, and for the first time in a decade of national Prohibition, definitely on the defensive." This same psychological factor is strest by several Washington correspondents. "It is certain," says Henry M. Hyde, correspondent of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "that the wet tide which swept a number of States will brace the backbone of those members who vote dry but drink and believe wet."

As for what the two major parties are going to do about this question, Arthur Sears Henning, of the Chicago *Tribune*, tells us that both "are now divided on Prohibition, and a good many politicians are of the opinion that both parties will be split by the issue in 1932." Reading on:

"The Republican party, apparently still dominated by the drys, stands at the parting of the ways.

"It must choose whether to stand pat on the noble experiment and rely for victory in 1932 on the politically dry South and West, or to declare for modification, if not repeal, in the effort to hold the North and East in line.

"The consensus among politicians at present is that while it seems not improbable that the Democratic party will go the whole route and demand the repeal of national Prohibition, the Republican party is more likely to halt short of that extreme and propose some form of modification. In that event there might be a Democratic bolt in the dry South and West and a wet Republican bolt in the wet North and East.

"The Democratic party, with the wets apparently in the ascendency, appears to be headed in the direction of advocacy of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. This impression is derived chiefly from the fact that the States in which the Democratic party formally declared in their 1930 platforms for Prohibition repeal, or in which the Democratic party is wet, will be represented in the Democratic national convention in 1932 by a majority of the delegates, with power to dictate the platform."

JUST a few days after the election came developments which seemed to promise a violent fight within the Republican party when Senator Fess, the Republican National Chairman, declared:

"If the Republican party stands for repeal, it might just as well say good-day. A split will occur which will bring defeat."

One of the first to retort to him was Representative Britten, Republican Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He said:

"If Senator Fess is so blind or so intolerant that he can not analyze the desires of millions of voters in progressive Northern States, the National Committee should elect another chairman before the arid Senator further depresses his party."

Senator Fess was quick with a rejoinder. He insisted, we are told by the New York *World*, that "he had expressed only a personal view and had not spoken in his rôle of Republican chairman." But he repeated his warning, a New York *Times* dispatch says, "that the party will go down to defeat if it 'straddles' on the issue."

ANOTHER warning to the Republican party, which was taken by some papers to be aimed directly at President Hoover, was issued by the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance, and Public Morals—

"The Republican party has no alternative but to enforce Prohibition and to stand by the principle. For before them suggestion of repeal, or of a hypocritical 'modification,' is impossible for the simple reason that men and women with a burning determination that the law should be enforced put that party into power at the last election with a mandate to enforce it.

"Any catering to the wets, any toleration of a suggestion of modification, would light fires of bitter resentment in the hearts of the men and women who trooped to the polls in such unprecedented numbers in 1928, for they would feel that they had been betrayed, and resentment of betrayal is in direct proportion to the confidence which it displaces."

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"The Man in the Green Hat" Uncovers

"BOTTLE-A-DAY" MEN were some Senators and Congressmen.

But the average capacity was two or three quarts a week.

The liquor trade in the shadow of the Capitol was brisk. Congressmen were buying so much whisky from this particular bootlegger that, to keep an adequate supply available, he finally had to store it in the House Office Building itself.

There, locked in, he cut his whisky with alcohol and hot water. Bottled, it was neatly and quickly delivered to various offices.

But the House Office Building, it seems, was not a safe place for the storage of liquor. Somebody broke into his supply room and stole everything.

For five years he served House members. Then he got into trouble, and moved his base of operations to the Senate Office Building.

The above are but a few of the amazing statements made by the self-confessed "official bootlegger" on Capitol Hill, George L. Cassiday, "the man in the green hat." Events of his ten years of bootlegging in Washington he recounts in a series of articles copyrighted by the New York *Evening World.*

Startling enough in themselves are these "revelations." But an added significance attaches to them as a result of recent disclosures that a Prohibition agent, "acting as informer and undercover man," as *The Evening World's* Washington correspondent tells us, "was planted in the Senate Office Building at the direction of Commissioner James M. Doran and Vice-President Curtis to spy on members of the Senate and their staffs purchasing bootleg liquor."

Emphatic denial was made by Dr. Doran, now chief of the Bureau of Industrial Alcohol, that orders were given to snoop on Senators. As the Washington *Evening Star* quotes him:

"The Prohibition agent was placed in the Senate Office Building not to spy on Senators nor to make any cases against Senators, but to drive Cassiday out of business there."

"THE agent was employed by the Secretary of the Senate," Vice-President Curtis told the Associated Press. "He simply asked me for my approval, and I approved it."

This agent was "a pink-cheeked, nineteen-year-old boy," employed as a clerk in the stationery room of the Senate Office Building, which Cassiday was said to be making his headquarters.

Cassiday was trapt last February, we read, by a fake order for the delivery of liquor. His little black book, containing the names of customers, was seized.

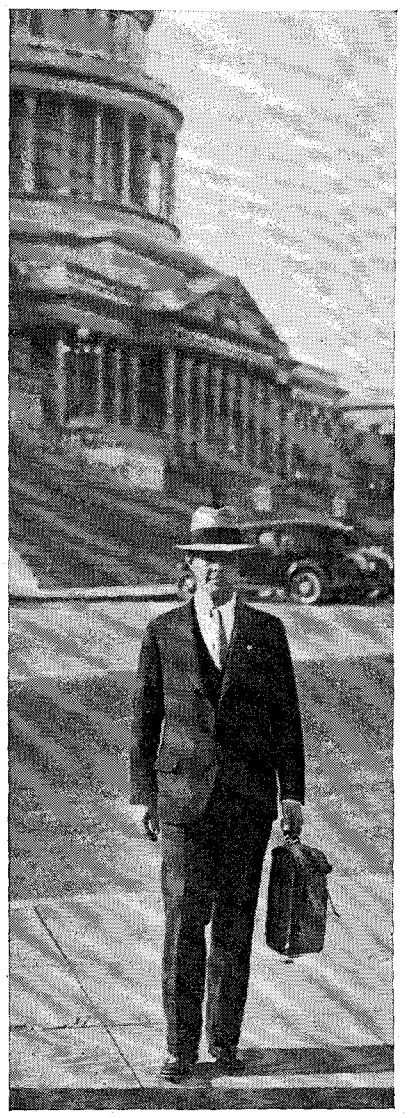
Around that list a storm is gathering which is expected to break when Congress convenes next month.

"Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, a leading dry, declared that at the December session he would ask for a Senate investigation to expose Cassiday's customer list," says *The Evening World.* Later, the dry Senator Caraway, Arkansas, joined the movement "to bring the Senate-snooping expedition into the limelight."

"Members of Congress for and against the Prohibition system began lining up for the impending battle," notes Arthur Hachten, of Universal Service, "some defending Dr. Doran for putting the agent in the Senate Office Building and others assailing his action as espionage on members of Congress."

Reverting to the astonishing confession of "the man in the green hat," we find this thirty-six-year-old war veteran recounting in an amiably direct way the experiences he had in his ten years as "official bootlegger" on Capitol Hill. He has served a ninety-day sentence, and now is awaiting the decision on an eighteen-months' sentence he appealed.

Altho naming no names, of course, he estimates that "four out of five Senators and Congressmen consume liquor either at their offices or homes." This, he adds, "is a conservative estimate."



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"Official Bootlegger"

"The Man in the Green Hat," carrying the brief-case in which he delivered liquor to Senators and Congressmen. The Capitol is seen in the background.

CASSIDAY volunteered in the war and served overseas for eight months, *The Evening World* tells us. Returning from war, he was unable, because of disability incurred in France, to pass the physical examination to regain his old employment as a railroad man. He was married and out of work. A friend introduced him to two Congressmen, who asked him to obtain liquor for them. He did so. Soon he had a large number of customers.

"It was not long," he writes, "before I had the run of the Senate and House Office Buildings, and was spending more time there than most of the Congressmen." He averaged twenty to twenty-five deliveries a day, altho one day he set a record of forty-seven. In the House "it always meant a busy night for me when a caucus was being held."

Here are some excerpts from Cassiday's articles:

"The House Office Building got so it seemed like home to me.

"I knew every nook and corner of it.

"The fact that the Capitol police and the door guards were appointed by members of Congress seemed to assure me of protection in getting into the building. Once inside, I was always sure of a hearty welcome in the offices which I visited in a day's rounds.

"After the 'green hat' incident (he was arrested by a member of the Capitol police force, whom he had passed 'hundreds of times,' and pleaded guilty of possessing liquor), a meeting was held in the office of Speaker Longworth, and a special rule was adopted barring me from the House Office Building. As a result I made the shift to the Senate Office Building, and operated there from 1925 to 1930.

"I found out in my ten years in the House and Senate Office Buildings that my business could not be conducted along political lines. It is true that I served more Republicans than Democrats and more drys than wets, but that was only because the Republicans and the drys have been in an overwhelming majority in both branches of Congress during that period. . . .

"I found the Senators more cautious and a shrewder class of people, generally speaking. For instance, most of the Senators would order their liquor through their secretaries. . . .

"I have sat in the gallery and heard one of my customers deliver a rattling good Prohibition speech. On other occasions I have heard members of the House and Senate making strong arguments on the floor that Prohibition was being enforced, when I knew good stuff was being regularly delivered at their own offices for use by their secretaries and clerks."

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Tunney's Battle with Politics

FROM A $16.50-A-WEEK CLERK to a million-an-hour prize-ring champion.

It sounds like a beautiful dream.

But it wasn't a dream; also it wasn't so beautiful, as Gene Tunney revealed in defending the suit recently brought against him by Timothy J. Mara for $526,812 of his ring earnings.

New York politics reared an ugly head, it seems, and New York politicians, anticipating a $2,000,000 purse for a fight between this ex-marine and the champion, Jack Dempsey, gave Tunney many a bad hour. With that huge sum in sight for a New York battle, and a chance to capture the title, Tunney signed away the bulk of his share to politicians to get the match, the testimony shows.

Mara's suit was based on a claim to 25 per cent. of Tunney's championship winnings. But Tunney maintained that Mara was to get that "cut" for arranging a bout in New York, which he failed to do. The fight was staged in Philadelphia. Tunney won it, and went on to gather in $1,742,282 before forsaking the championship.

SOMETHING of Tunney's struggle with the politicians is shown by one of Alva Johnston's articles on the trial in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Early in 1926 Tex Rickard, the late promoter, had signed up Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney to fight for the championship of the world. The Boxing Commission, however, interfered in the matter, bringing forward a candidate of its own, Harry Wills, Negro, who later was definitely proved to be a second-rate battler.

"Dempsey, as the world's champion, had to be a party to the fight, but the Boxing Commissioners claimed the privilege of appointing the so-called 'logical contender' or 'challenger.' The Boxing Commission thus retained the power of conferring a favor worth from $250,000 to $1,000,000 on the man of its choice.

"With this great stake dangled before him by the Boxing Commission, Tunney signed away, according to his own declaration, $500,000 of future earnings for the purpose of getting the political backing to win the Boxing Commissioners over on his side.

"Tunney signed away, it was calculated, 75 per cent. of himself to politicians in order to get the Dempsey match.

"On the other hand, according to a letter introduced in evidence, Wills signed away 95 per cent. of himself to gain political and other influence to swing the match his way.

"Wills, it was asserted, actually retained less than a 5 per cent. interest in himself, all the rest going where it was expected that it would do the most good.

"A long series of letters from William Gibson, the manager of Tunney, to the prize-fighter was introduced in evidence, detailing the progress of the political campaign waged in behalf of Wills and in behalf of Tunney for the enormous cash prize which the Boxing Commission insisted on bestowing where it thought best.

"The correspondence gave an interesting picture of politicians and promoters trying, like the mice that would bell the cat, to get up their courage to go directly to Governor Smith on behalf of Tunney. There is evidence in the record that Mara did finally see Mr. Smith, but met with a violent rebuff."

TUNNEY'S bitterness against the New York State Boxing Commission is shown in a letter, introduced at the trial, which also embodies his scathing opinion of fight managers:

"If the Boxing Commission were half as kind to me as it has been to the Senegambian (Wills), I could go out to-morrow and get $5,000 a week on the vaudeville stage for the rest of the winter, and then box some 'dub' in the spring and get enough to retire on. But also I am not colored. Politics makes strange bedfellows. . . .

"The 'species' of fight manager is a strange one. It combines deceit, larceny, malice, viciousness, and hatred all in one."

"The public will decide from the disclosures that its suspicions about boxing are sustained: that instead of a sport, it has become a matter of business and politics," says the New York *Times* editorially. "Where so much money is involved, politicians and gangsters naturally 'muscle in.' No wonder Tunney quit the game when he had banked what the politicians and managers left of his purses."

Tunney won the suit.

P. & A. photograph

$500,000 to Get a Fight

Gene Tunney pledged that sum to smooth out "political wrinkles" for a New York bout with Jack Dempsey, then champion, which never came off.

Capone's Amazing Proposal

WHY NOT ELECT "Scarface" Al Capone Mayor of Chicago? Until they do, it begins to look as if the people of that gang-ridden city "will never have peace and tranquillity."

This derisive snort from the Washington *Post* typifies much of the press comment on the "amazingly insolent" offer by Chicago's foremost "public enemy," the chunky, broad-faced Capone, to barter with the law.

To no less a personage than Chief Justice McGoorty of the Criminal Court was the proposal made, we are told. As summarized by a Chicago dispatch of the Associated Press:

"Capone's concessions—To quit his labor racketeering, to surrender on a vagrancy warrant, and to leave Chicago and operate by more or less remote control.

"Capone's demands—No interference with his beer business, and dismissal of vagrancy charges as soon as he surrenders."

Justice McGoorty revealed the offer as he swore in the November grand jury to continue the fight against organized crime. He said:

"With cool effrontery, overtures have been made recently to the end that the most widely heralded and powerful gang leader in Cook County will withdraw from his labor activities if permitted to conduct his beer racket unmolested by the law.

"His most formidable competitors have been ruthlessly exterminated, and his only apparent obstacle toward undisputed sway is the law. Such a trade is unthinkable.

"The time has come when the public must choose between the rule of the gangster and the rule of law."

THE proposal was brought to him, Justice McGoorty said, by "a high official of the Coal Teamsters' Union."

"What we want to stress," says the Chicago *Evening Post*, "is the fact that Chicago has reached the level where a proposal of this sort is possible; where a man holding responsible office in a powerful labor union can represent himself as spokesman for the city's master gangster, and, making deduction from what he knows of the sentiment obtaining in presumably respectable business circles, consider it both safe and reasonable to suggest to the Chief Justice of the Criminal Court that terms of compromise be made with organized crime."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

You can't persuade the bear to be a bull while the bulls are bare.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

The thing is so close that one case of measles would alter the complexion of Congress.—*Dallas News.*

The elections, Senator Fess announced, were a crazy-quilt. To cover the bunk, obviously.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Stout people may be easy-going, as an essayist says, but it is often rather difficult to get round them.—*The Humorist.*

A survey is planned to discover in which State women have greatest rights. Speaking offhand, we'd say the State of matrimony.—*Chattanooga Times.*

One doesn't hear anything about the dangers of kissing any more, so we suppose the educational campaign must have broken up that deadly habit.—*Ohio State Journal.*

National defense advocates believe that preparations are less expensive than reparations.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A Republican caucus in the lame-duck session is going to look like an unemployment conference.—*Dallas News.*

The idea of a five-day week, we take it, is to provide in each week a one-day holiday and a day to rest up from it.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Many autoists seem to think warning signs at railroad crossings are intended for the locomotive engineer.—*Florence Herald.*

The American educational system may have its defects, but nobody can deny that it has developed a very high order of punting and passing.—*San Diego Union.*

Speaking of teamwork we've noticed that it's usually the case when a family is fighting to keep the wolf from the door that the stork takes the opportunity to slip down the chimney.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Mohammedan women are demanding the right to see their husbands before they marry them. In this modern day and age it is about their only chance to get a good look at them.—*New York Evening Post.*

The good old days were those when a luxury didn't become a necessity just because you happened to want it.—*Louisville Times.*

"The average thief is simply out for what he can get," declares a detective. And eventually in for what he has got.—*Passing Show (London).*

Nothing in prenatal influence? Then why do so many of the liquor sellers come from the only country shaped like a bootleg?—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

"My advice to those who want to live to a good old age," says a doctor, "is—walk slowly." Those who follow this advice should take the precaution of keeping to the sidewalk.—*The Humorist.*

If Mr. Hoover wants to prove that the cost of living has declined during his administration, he can point out that seats on the stock exchange which sold for $600,000 early in 1929 can now be bought for $250,000.—*Judge.*

Many of our troubles come from trying to run a new world with the old rules.—*Capper's Magazine.*

If the wets and drys fight to the last ditch, what sort of a ditch will it be, wet or dry?—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Most British boxers need more experience," says a critic. But many of them know the ropes.—*London Opinion.*

The ancient Hebrews also had a goat on which they blamed their sins, but they didn't call it a President.—*Beaumont Journal.*

A "recruited" player, evidently, is any extra good one who accepted the other school's proposition instead of yours.—*Vancouver Sun.*

This artificial silk which the chemists say they can manufacture from natural gas should be just the thing for light summer wear.—*Detroit News.*

Kicking the Cow Won't Make Her Give More Milk!

—Talburt in the New York "Telegram."

The world's greatest example of double jeopardy is marriage.—*Louisville Times.*

The Federal Trade Commission might investigate the fraudulent advertising in political platforms. — *Florence Herald.*

"In most food," we are told, "there is a certain amount of starch." Perhaps this is what makes the price of some of it so stiff.—*The Humorist.*

Pretty soon all the presidents President Hoover visited on his good-will trip to South America will be at liberty to repay the call.—*Fort Myers (Fla.) Tropical News.*

Chairman Fess's view of the returns is that "what we have is merely a crazy-quilt." Quilts are what you put over those who have been put to sleep, you know.—*Dallas News.*

The courts have ruled that a college can compel its students to get vaccinated. We wish the same ruling could be extended to getting them educated.—*San Diego Union.*

A foreigner declares that he is amazed to find that the London girl is losing her complexion. Perhaps he hasn't heard about the epidemic of handbag-snatching.—*The Humorist (London).*

One of the titles of the Emperor of Ethiopia is Raz of Razzes, which is the same thing we give our Congressmen.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Geneva's consideration of a "permanent disarmament commission" is in a way a confession that the job will never be completed.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

Concerning the report that Queen Mary of England is going in strong for antiques, one is prompted to ask how conspicuous a place her hats are given in the collection.—*Jackson News.*

"In the streets of Chicago," says an American writer, "you will see where men are men." In the streets of London, on the other hand, you will see where men are mending.—*Passing Show.*

Saxony is excited over rumors that an invisible ray has been stalling automobiles. American scientists, more responsive to current needs, are said to be working on an invisible ray for stalling instalment collectors.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Soviet Denials of Dumping

"THE VILEST LIE AND CALUMNY ever fabricated in capitalist countries against the Soviet Union!"

These are the words of *Pravda*, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, in retort to the charges made outside Russia that the Soviets are dumping wheat, coal, sugar, and other products in so-called capitalist countries.

All Soviet newspapers naturally share *Pravda's* view. Yet, meanwhile, Washington dispatches relate that a Committee of the House of Representatives investigating Communism has been hearing testimony that the Soviet five-year industrial program was instituted to produce economic depression by selling Russian products at "enslaved labor" prices.

This, we read, was designed as a further step toward world-wide revolution.

On the other hand, Soviet journals have been saying unanimously that Soviet exports have nothing to do with dumping. Europe and America, they claim, "envy the brilliant progress of the Soviet Union under the five-year plan." This plan, it is alleged, enables Soviet Russia to sell its goods cheaper than any capitalist State.

That is why, we are assured, the world imperialists are green with envy, and are devising malignant schemes against Russia. To return to *Pravda:*

An Agricultural Raid by Soviet Russia

—"The Irish Weekly Independent" (Dublin).

"The wild howling of the international bourgeoisie against the Soviet exports keeps up.

"The campaign against the so-called Soviet dumping grows fiercer and fiercer.

"The crusade against the Soviet Union, which was begun some time ago, failed to achieve the results desired. Capitalists did not succeed in arousing the masses for the 'defense of religion' in the Soviet Union, because the masses understood the real, hidden meaning of this campaign.

"The sensation started around the General Koutiepoff case also proved to be abortive.

"All such weapons against the Soviet Union have become dulled through excessive use.

"And so a new campaign against our country is being carried on under a new slogan—that of dumping.

"On what actual facts are the accusations based? On no facts at all.

"It is silly to believe that Soviet exports can have any connection with the economic depression through which the capitalistic world is passing.

"Exports from Russia as yet have not reached one-half of the prewar figures. They form but one and one-half per cent. of the total world trade."

WHAT really lies behind this campaign, in *Pravda's* opinion, is the dream of capitalistic aggression, and it goes on to say:

"Various groups of capitalists in the bourgeois countries are doing their best to wreck the commercial relations which exist between these countries and the Soviet Union.

"The campaign against the Soviet monopoly of foreign trade in the Union; the adverse verdicts of bourgeois courts of justice that seize our property; the recent attempt to represent Soviet pulp-wood as a product of convict labor; the refusal to accept our gold; the interference of police with our ships—all have become every-day events."

ACTUALLY a capitalist crusade against the entire economic system of Soviet Russia is under way, *Pravda* charges, and it adds that the talk of Soviet dumping is inseparable from plans for capitalistic anti-Soviet intervention.

Allusion is then made to a farmers' conference of representatives from Eastern and Southeastern European States, recently held in Warsaw. This conference was admittedly aimed at a boycott of Soviet products, declares *Pravda*, which continues:

"After that an unofficial conference of Balkan States was held in Athens for the purpose of organizing a Balkan Federation.

"The real idea behind this conference was to form a fighting economic and political alliance against the Soviet Union.

"Yet it is true that, divided by conflicting interests, some of the capitalistic countries can not agree on joint measures against the Soviet Union.

"In the United States of America, the fight against Soviet pulp-wood, manganese, anthracite, and other products failed.

"At Geneva, Italy and Germany also refused to join openly the anti-Soviet front. Yet, it was at Geneva, too, that it became obvious what groups of countries would be willing to start upon an active united campaign against us.

"These groups are the oil trust of Sir Henry Deterding; the Swedish match trust; the Swedish and Finnish timber industrialists; and the coal magnates of various countries. Such are the instigators of 'dumping propaganda.'"

FOR all that it appears that altho they seldom speak of it, some of the Soviet Communists do admit that the Soviet exports are, to a very marked extent, dumped exports.

This is the opinion of the Right Opposition Group, to which belong such men as Rykov, the President of the Council of People's Commissars, Bukharin, Tomsky, and some other leading Communists. Their pronouncements on this subject, it seems, roused the ire of the strictly Soviet press.

For instance, *Pravda* mentions with indignation that, in one of his recent public speeches, Mr. Rykov derided the policy of A. Mikoyan, People's Commissar for Trade, who is "exporting meat abroad while the population of the Soviet Union can not get meat for weeks at a time."

Yet, we are told, those of the Communists opposed to the exportation of Soviet goods at prices which they consider prejudicial to the best interests of the country are regarded almost as criminals. So they do not speak their mind often. *Isviestia* writes of them:

"The Communist party treats them too mildly. If it passes

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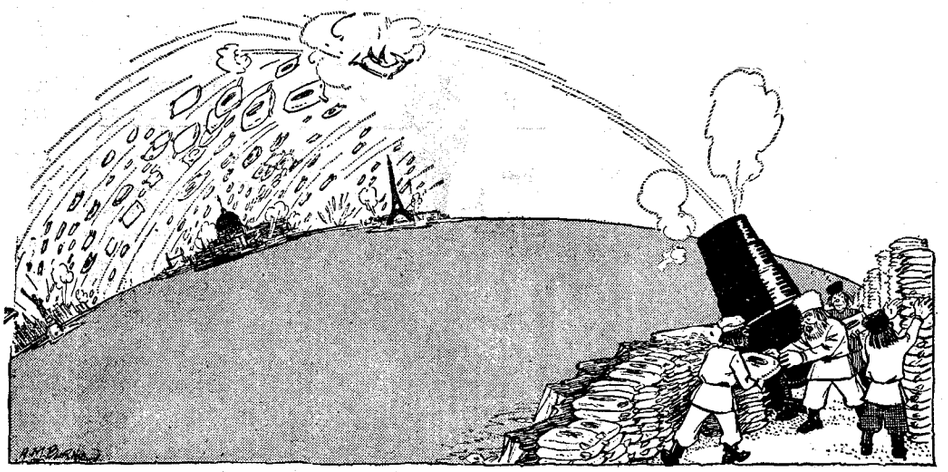
stricter measures against them, they will have nobody to blame but themselves. They have too long abused our patience."

It may seem odd to find a Paris newspaper echoing in some degree the foregoing Soviet sentiments. Nevertheless, in *La Volonté*, Pierre Legrand questions whether there has been any real dumping of exports by the Soviet republic.

In support of his views he cites the Geneva correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* as saying:

"The most probable supposition is that this clamor against Soviet dumping is merely a new excuse, like the campaign against religious persecution, to form a political combination against Soviet Russia."

These are hard words, says Mr. Legrand, but they seem true. If they are, he maintains, Republican opinion in France should proclaim that France will not be in any such combination.



The Bolshevik Dumping Barrage on the World

—"The Bulletin" (Glasgow).

In sharp contrast to this view-point is that of *La France Militaire* (Paris) which says:

"The conditions in which the Soviet State procures material that it unloads at excessively low prices in the world's markets, are well known.

"They are forced labor and the exploitation of producers.

"The purchasing power of the Russian people is non-existent. It is reduced to the capacity of obtaining sufficient food so as not to die of hunger. Meanwhile, the necessities of the Russian people are taken away from them to be exported."

The dumping of Russian grain and timber and other products, remarks the London *Times*, is already forcing other governments to take steps to protect their markets, and it adds:

"In France, where the movement has been comparatively trifling, it has been decided as a precautionary measure to introduce a licensing system for imports from Russia.

"It is not proposed to prohibit these imports, but to place them under the control of the French Government; and—as Mr. Flandin, the Minister of Commerce, has explained—there can be no objection in any quarter to this plan since the Soviet Government itself by its monopoly of foreign trade controls all the imports and exports of Russia.

"Mr. Flandin pointed out that where offers of Russian goods were made under normal conditions there would be no reason to exclude them; but dumping was unhealthy and dangerous in that it promoted speculation prejudicial to the producer.

"The wholesale dumping, to which the Soviet Government is resorting on an ever-growing scale, has indeed so seriously prejudiced the producers, particularly of grain and timber, in some of the border countries that their governments have been driven to combine together to seek a remedy. They are alarmed at its effect on their economic situation, and uneasy as to the possible political results."

Roumania's Transformed King

THE ROYAL PLAYBOY OF ROUMANIA, as some of his critics used to describe King Carol, is once again surprizing Europe.

His days of dalliance seem to be gone for good, we are told, and he has taken on his kingly job with resolution, shrewdness, and tact.

While the outside world has been mainly interested in his domestic affairs, it is said, he has been mainly occupied with those of his country.

He works twelve hours a day on the average, it appears, and he has been acquainting himself with the work of every government department, and seeing a great variety of people from Cabinet ministers to peasants.

Such is the transformed Carol of Roumania, "the only hero in real life of the Balkan school of musical comedy," as he was called on his return to Roumania after having renounced his throne in 1926.

In the London *Daily Mail*, Sir Percival Phillips gives this portrait of him:

"He has fair hair and blue eyes, a soldierly bearing when he pleases, and a royal manner tinctured with affable condescension toward all commoners.

"He has a way with women, and they love him.

"He speaks with ease the language of the particular country in which his tragi-comedy is at the moment staged, and he is as much at home in the rôle of an English country gentleman admiring the Downs of Sussex as in the part of a blasé traveler in the more sophisticated quarters of Paris."

But apparently it was not all play and no work while King Carol was an absentee in France.

He was watching Roumania's affairs intently from a distance, writes the Balkans correspondent of the London *Times*, and he had been struck by the fact that for some years the energies of her political leaders had been mainly absorbed by party controversy. This informant continues:

"The condition in which Roumania finds herself to-day may be summed up as follows: Low prices for agricultural produce, high rates of interest for loans, and heavy taxes have combined to make it impossible for the average farmer who owns two to three hectares of land to obtain a living.

"The dumping of cheap Russian wheat has been the last straw.

"The peasants who represent the broad basis of Roumania's economic system are bankrupt and despairing.

"If something can not be done promptly to relieve their position it will be difficult to save them from the effects of Bolshevist propaganda.

"The King does not seem to expect any immediate results from the efforts which are now being made by the Roumanian Government in conjunction with other agrarian States to improve their markets for agricultural produce.

"He seems to count more on the lowering of taxation and the cheapening of agricultural credit.

"These imply drastic reductions in the State budget, and a foreign loan.

"The first of these desiderata can certainly only be realized by a government which is not troubled by party considerations, for it calls for large reductions in personnel.

"The same condition is almost equally applicable to the second.

"Foreign bankers like a government to be strong, and not too susceptible to the clamor either of the opposition or of its own supporters."

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As Europe Sees Our Elections

TWO BIG FACTS STAND OUT in the result of the United States elections as viewed by the European press.

One—the wet gain—cheers the hearts of editors in France and Germany. But in England there is less expectation of any change in our Prohibition regulations.

The second and perhaps profounder impression gathered from foreign newspapers is that the great reversal suffered by the Republican party is due to "hard times coupled with the name of Hoover."

In Germany, a daily described as being very close to Chancellor Bruening, *Germania*, remarks that the Republicans, who entered the Presidential campaign two years ago with a prosperity slogan, failed to deliver the goods, and to this newspaper—

"It seems the irony of fate that a man of such pronounced financial and economic orientation and prestige as President Hoover was unable to exorcise the specter of the crisis and unemployment, despite his ambitious program of rationalization and economy measures."

Speaking of "The Unemployed Elections," the *Vossische Zeitung* avers that business conditions of the last two years decided American citizens to make their "election protest."

With prosperity as its slogan, this journal goes on to say, Mr. Hoover received two years ago the largest vote that ever led a President into the White House. But, it adds:

"Prosperity has been transformed into economic depression such as America has seldom seen, and the present generation, never."

IN France the Paris *Journal de Débats* observes that perhaps too much was expected of President Hoover, but it contends that he "has done little or nothing," and proceeds:

"His few partizans insist he still has two years in which to accomplish great things.

"Past experience does not encourage hope in the future.

"It looks as if Hoover's career, if not that of his party, must end in the autumn of 1932."

As the Paris *Œuvre* analyzes the result, Mr. Hoover has found out that, "it is better to practise wisdom than to promise prosperity." Then this newspaper, noting that both Senator Morrow, the Republican, and Governor Roosevelt, the Democrat, are "wet," assumes that the election sounds the doom of Prohibition.

In England the London *Morning Post* says with a trace of asperity that Mr. Hoover "came into power as the high priest of prosperity," and it avers:

"He invited judgment by results, and now depression stalks the land.

"He has been unfortunate, and in the light of events his opponents must be glad they lost the Presidential election."

Says the London *Daily Express:*

"The result seems to be mainly a vote of disapproval of the hard times coupled with the name of Hoover.

"If it could be interpreted as meaning that the American people had taken a decisive step forward toward freeing themselves from the multitudinous entanglements of Prohibition all well-wishers of the United States would rejoice, but no such significance can be read into it.

"It will need not one but a score of elections to settle the problem."

AMERICAN voters by this time must be beginning to learn that "it is a great deal easier to add an amendment to the Constitution than it is to take it away," observes the London *Evening Standard*, and it goes on:

"Americans allowed those shackles to be bound upon them, and now they find they can not throw them off.

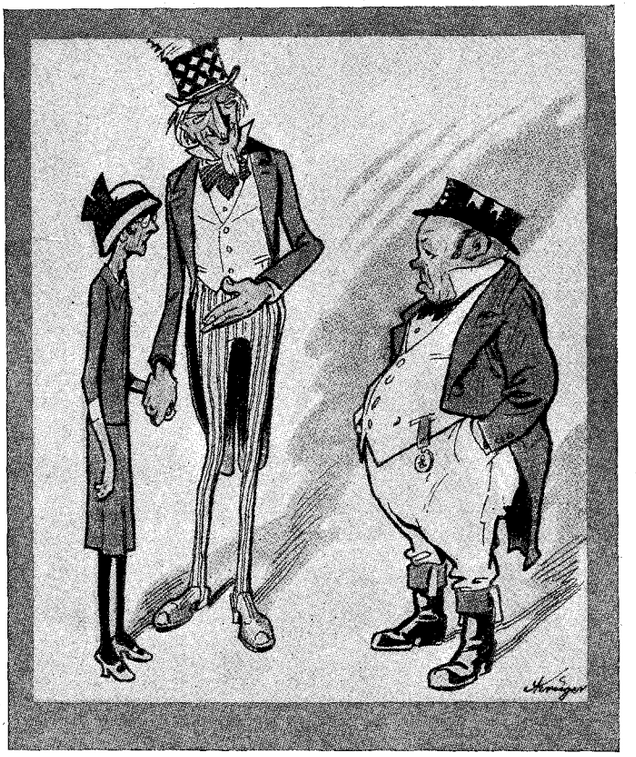
"We must be careful lest by our own fault the same fate should descend upon us."

Tackling German Unemployment

WHILE NOT PRETENDING to "solve" the unemployment problem, the Prussian Government is planning what is called the first big attempt made in Germany for unemployment relief.

For one thing, the school age is to be raised in Prussia by one year. This, it is calculated, will keep 250,000 young workmen back from the labor market in the year 1931-1932.

The expense incurred by additional teachers in classrooms



A German Slam

Uncle Sam: "Here's my prohibition peach—what do you think of her?"

John Bull: "Well, if you don't mind my saying it—not so much."

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

will, so the Prussian Government claims, be no bigger than the saving in unemployment benefit.

But the Berlin correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* tells us that this claim is questioned, and he adds:

"The Prussian Government also proposes to replace immigrant labor by German labor.

"Over 100,000 Polish workers are engaged by farmers and landowners in Eastern Germany at certain seasons.

"They work on wretched pay, and live in conditions no German worker would stand. Every attempt to exclude this cheap labor has so far been thwarted by the Nationalists on behalf of East German Junkerdom.

"But with unemployment so vast as it is now, public opinion is against giving Poles jobs that might go to Germans."

THE Prussian Government, we are also advised, proposes to reclaim waste land—heath and marsh—of which there are vast stretches in Germany, but, we read:

"The chief item in the Prussian Government's plan is the reduction of the working week from forty-eight to forty hours.

"This is a proposal of very fundamental importance. It will at least be an instructive experiment (there are great differences of opinion as to how it will work out).

"It does, of course, mean a reduction in the weekly wages of fully employed workers, but it will apparently not be opposed by the trade-unions."

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Skoal for "Red" Lewis

A DUAL PERSONALITY WINS the Nobel Prize for Literature.

George F. Babbitt, alias Sinclair Lewis, seems by this flattering award to stand for America; and thereby arises ground for debate in the jubilation that is inevitable over the honor that America has awaited.

Congratulations are showered on Mr. Lewis for the honor and the munificent gift of $46,350 from the Committee of the Nobel Prize in Sweden, the largest accruing so far in any year.

But what does Sweden think of us? is the query that creeps through many comments on the choice that overlooked Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Hergesheimer, Cabell, Willa Cather, and some others.

Mr. Lewis accepts the prize with becoming deference, as he is telling the newsreel audiences:

"I am highly grateful at being the first American to receive the Nobel Prize in literature.

"There is only one trouble with taking the prize, and that is because it has been awarded to such authentically great men as Kipling, Anatole France, and Bernard Shaw, and sometimes I am afraid that in accepting it, people might believe that I shall class myself with such men."

THEY called him "Red Lewis," the radical, when he was in Yale, due to his "brick-top," as well as his general method of handling ideas.

But he's no "muck-raker," he declaimed himself, when the newspaper interviewers cornered him at his publisher's office. Here is Lewis Sherwin's account in the New York *Evening Post:*

"Somebody uttered the word 'expose.'

"'What's all this about exposure?' he asked, or words to that effect. 'How did this muck-raker business ever get pinned on me? It seems that if a man isn't 180 per cent. American he is promptly set down as being 180 per cent. anti-American. I'm no muck-raker.

"'*Elmer Gantry* happened to be a clergyman. I would have described him as I saw him if he had happened to be a lawyer. After all, a man has to have some profession—

"'—unless he has no profession at all, and that's a profession by itself.'

"On top of all this one of my learned brothers asked him if he had ever contemplated writing an 'exposé' of Broadway.

"'Expose what?' asked Lewis. 'That gamblers sometimes engage in games of chance? Do you know, I've never been shocked by the fact that a drinking man sometimes takes a drink of booze. I've never even been in a night club; perhaps that qualifies me to write about them, tho.'

"Such was the general tenor of the way 'Red' Lewis took us for a buggy ride. I thought it was a good show."

Now that he has disposed of himself as no muck-raker, we turn to Harry Hansen, of the New York *World*, for a view of him as the younger generation sees him:

"No news in years has elated me so much as the announcement in Stockholm that Sinclair Lewis gets the Nobel Prize for Literature.

"It is a sign of renewed vitality in the august committee which annually sits in judgment on the literature of the world.

"Congratulations ought to go to Stockholm, not to Sinclair Lewis.

"The award is particularly cheering because it involves recognition of a writer who is distinctly the product of his age and environment, who is an unsparing critic of individuals and masses that are satisfied with mediocrity, and who is still young enough to produce sound work in the future.

"It is a recognition that evolving America is a suitable theme for the novelist, and that Sinclair Lewis is representative.

"It comes in time to give emphasis to the huge work performed by the critical realists who threw tradition to the winds and struck out for themselves against a hostile current of opinion.

"It is as much a victory for the point of view of H. L. Mencken as for that of Sinclair Lewis, who has acknowledged his immense indebtedness to Mencken for leading his ideas into the proper channel.

"The effect of this award on young writers will be excellent. There are many ways of writing in America, and the youngest generation is by no means solidly behind Mencken and Lewis.

"The extreme naturalists are losing support, and the gains of the liberating movement of the last fifteen years are being added up.

"But the Nobel Prize, by placing emphasis on a novelist who considers emerging America satirically, supports the movement of independence from smothering paternalism preached in Harvard and Princeton."

Keystone photograph

"Red" and Michael

Look not displeased that the Nobel Committee give father the prize for literature.

HALF-WAY down the line between approval and the reverse stands the Boston *Herald*, saying:

"Not all his fellow countrymen will rush to congratulate him.

"His books have been too frank, too brutal, and occasionally too truthful to please everybody. Of established religion and political and economic authority he has been particularly irreverent.

"Always he had been the critic, and the critic, if he be honest in his opinions, is invariably unpopular. But even those who have no love for Sinclair Lewis will perforce agree that he is the outstanding commentator on modern America.

"The reader of 'Main Street,' 'Babbitt,' and the rest of his so-called novels looked into a mirror as he read. The reflections were seldom pleasant, often revolting, but they imprinted on a man's mind a new conception of the world he lived in.

"That these books have sold by the hundreds of thousands indicates that Sinclair possesses an unrivaled ability to treat drab, every-day and unheroic characters and events in an entertaining manner.

"Perhaps his characters are not living persons of flesh and bone.

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Perhaps they are extravagant caricatures. But they all have a bit of every American in them."

SAUK CENTER, Minnesota, where Lewis was born, "is proud of its son," says the New York *Sun*, "and sends a full-throated 'Skoal' to the Stockholm sages who have awarded to Sinclair Lewis, creator of *Babbitt*, the Nobel Prize for Literature."

But *The Sun* itself does not cast a refulgent gleam:

"The *Babbitt* whom he intended as a satire on the prosperous, gum-chewing Rotarian, starved mentally, yet craving culture—a type that exists in every land, in every age—has been accepted by our intelligentsia, the tired young protagonists of freedom in sin and salvation, as the symbol of all America, not themselves.

"They have put on Lewis's spectacles and smitten Main Street with their typewriters.

"The wish being father to the thought, it was not long before the foreigner joined in the guffaw, and ambassadors were advising their home governments to read 'Babbitt' and 'Main Street' if they would understand why America shied at Geneva and continued to distrust entangling alliances.

"No wonder Stockholm was imprest.

"That Main Street is not America and that *Babbitt* is not a typical American, any well-informed visitor knows.

"The hunt for the Grail goes on here side by side or even ahead of the hunt for gold.

"Yet we need our satirists and applaud them, and the lash of the satirist is healthful in the eternal warfare of reason with stupidity in America as elsewhere."

The Cover

THIS week our pictorial journey takes us into the Canadian Rockies. Southeast from Banff, near The Gap, stand the Three Sisters, among the imposing features of this rugged mountain scenery.

Wind Mountain, Pigeon Mountain, the Three Sisters, the last rearing their crests 9,744 feet into the sky, are the peaks in this section.

It is in view of the Three Sisters that Mr. Fred Pye set up his easel and, as water-color is his favorite, it is in that medium that he painted the cover picture.

Broad masses are here effectively displayed.

Mr. Pye was born in Yorkshire, England, and studied art in Paris, at the Academies Julien and Calarossi.

His work has been almost entirely confined to the European Continent, where his reputation was first made, and to New York.

Altho an artist of the distinctly younger school, various exhibitions in the art centers of Europe and America have brought his work under the appraising eye of critics for some time. All are agreed on the "individuality of his style," his "freedom from conventionality," his "special flair for handling light effects," and a quality of "transparency so essential to water-color rendering." In Paris he was described by the critic of the New York *Herald* as: "A finished water-colorist, whose works, showing a varied range of subjects, are done in a brilliant and light style."

The critic of the Paris *Temps* wrote:

"Of an art less cultivated than it used to be, perhaps, Mr. Pye has preserved the secret. He is an open-air artist, and his pictures are flooded with light of the sea, the prismatic glare of the midi sun, or the stately glimmer of the pine forest."

MR. PYE is represented in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, and the Art Museum, Edmonton, Canada. He is a member of the American Art Association, Paris, the Salmagundi Club, New York, and the Art League of Nassau County, New York.

Exhibitions of his work have been held in Paris, New York, Washington, D. C., and in many Canadian cities.

He has traveled extensively in the much-painted spots of Europe.

Every Inch a Queen

SMALL THANKS, IF ANY, to Lytton Strachey, it seems, for the new play at the Guild Theater, New York.

The theme of Elizabeth and Essex, their loves and their rivalries, made the new venture portend a dramatization of Strachey's book; but Maxwell Anderson has gone his own gait in "Elizabeth the Queen," to the relief of some critics and the regret of others.

The book's great popularity, no doubt, gives the play an

The Amorous Elizabeth

"Miss Fontanne's miraculous reincarnation of the so-called virgin queen." Alfred Lunt as "Essex."

emphasis, but without the playing of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, it might not even be saved from failure.

Fontanne reaches the high-water mark in her career as an actress.

"She is no artfully bedizened queen of the theater," says J. Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times*. "She is every inch Queen Elizabeth."

There is no abatement of this judgment in the reviews of other critics, tho the expression varies.

About the play there is doubt, exprest in lowest terms by Robert Littell of *The World:*

"The high spots of the story, the alternations of love and anger, the stealthy intrigue of *Cecil* and *Sir Francis Bacon*, the fatal Irish campaign, the rebellion so peacefully put down, the imprisonment in the tower, the death of *Essex*, are all crammed into the play.

"It should be an exciting, a reckless and flamboyant play. But it turns out to be just another good-looking and lifeless historical romance, which is a great deal harder to believe than a few pages of Lytton Strachey.

"Lifeless except for *Queen Elizabeth* herself, thanks to Miss

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Fontanne, who appears before us with a most marvelous make-up and great angry voice, which occasionally slips back into the Lynn Fontanne we are used to, but rises to regal heights of queenly passion and womanly feeling in many scenes, and notably in the scene between her and *Essex* in the second act.

"At these moments one is carried back to that golden age of adventure and overflowing strength, but it is Miss Fontanne who does it, not the humdrum flat language of Mr. Anderson."

But "humdrum" and "flat" the play's language did not seem to Richard Lockridge of *The Sun:*

"It is a triumph of the English language over all those things which tend to translate it into a broken jargon.

"Mr. Anderson, who has never entirely failed to prove himself both a romantic and a poet, has not so fully shown these related attitudes as he shows them here.

"His prose has lift and sonority; it is cadenced, rich, full-voiced. Not for seasons had English been spoken more freely, more robustly—nor is it, at its best, Elizabethan English. Essentially it is, much of the time, the same tongue we might speak were we less tired, less mumbling, less victims of the clangor of subway trains.

"The sound of 'Elizabeth the Queen' should be enough to take you there, altho it is by no means all that is offered."

The Queen in Defeat

Elizabeth sinks into old age as Essex is sent to the block, having refused to return the ring.

Between extremes we leave the theater-goer to judge for himself. Out of the chorus of praise over Miss Fontanne, we may listen to Percy Hammond of *The Herald Tribune:*

"Let us begin our journal this morning with a note complimenting Miss Lynn Fontanne for an impersonation of *Queen Elizabeth*, so clairvoyant and so credible that it is likely to stand as the model of such things until she undertakes another.

"Maxwell Anderson's play is an excellent historical romance; Mr. Lunt is a gorgeous *Essex*, and the others in the cast are as Philip Moeller, the first director, would have them.

"The settings by Lee Simonson are studiously and richly in the color of the time, and the entire production bears the persuasive trade-mark of the Theater Guild.

"But the most remarkable thing about the entertainment is Miss Fontanne's miraculous reincarnation of the so-called virgin queen.

"Her wig is red, her lips sag, her musical voice cracks in moments of agitation, and her eyes are dim with age. She is now tender and amorous, then cold and savage, here majestic and there ignoble.

"Not for a moment in the course of her performance is she anything but her ruthless idea of the character. Even when Mr. Anderson, shifting history to fit the tiny interstices of the stage, endeavors to make the rôle conventional, she is brilliantly uncompromising. Last night at the Guild Theater she convinced many mature drama-goers that Elizabeth not only had lived once upon a time, but was really living, here and now, in Fifty-second Street.

"Mr. Anderson adjusts the gossip of history cunningly to the purposes of the drama, and his theatrical devices are of the better and more excusable kind.

"Mr. Lunt, as *Essex*, is therefore a brilliant, handsome, expedient and royal courtier, not afraid to speak in eloquent defiance of his friends and enemies—*Francis Bacon, Robert Cecil,* and *Walter Raleigh.* We are told by Mr. Strachey and other poisonous biographers that *Essex* was a floozy weakling, and that *Elizabeth* was his psychopathic mate. Mr. Anderson, aided by Miss Fontanne, Mr. Lunt, and Mr. Moeller, makes them the hero and heroine of a smart, amusing, royal and human tragedy.

"The play ends with *Essex* declining theatrically to be pardoned by his amorous *Queen*, and on his way to the block for her and England. This finish is perhaps too tragically sweet for consumption by the skeptics."

What War Does to Wells

War and the idea of war have ruined H. G. Wells.

That is, if we take his word for it, uttered at a meeting held at Livingston Hall, Westminster, London, to discuss "The Strategy of Peace," when he disparaged his own literary reputation.

Mr. Wells is not reported in full, so we can glean from *The Sunday Times* (London) only some of his pronouncements, one of which might have been a blow to the meeting.

He told his associates that they were "going to be entirely ineffective when the time comes."

"The War Office is ready," he said, "but your movement merely meets and talks."

He is thus further reported:

"Mr. Wells said he devoted 200 days of hard work every year to attacking the war system.

"'I have ruined a good second-class reputation as a novelist by that occupation,' he said.

"'It has led the reviewers to describe me as a propagandist. If I wrote a poem about a skylark, they would somehow discover propaganda in it.'

"Mr. Wells thought that half the men under twenty-five in England, France, and Germany found a tremendous fascination in war.

"Half the young people who went to see 'Journey's End' did not come away horrified. A lot of them are finding life rather dull. These young men were not going to dislike the beginning of the next war.

"This view had already been exprest by Mr. Wickham Steed, who had said that arguments based on the horrors of war had begun to pall; they were not far from being boring.

"'I think we want to get a great deal more deviltry into this peace campaign,' declared Mr. Steed.

"Prof. Gilbert Murray, who presided at the opening session, suggested that there was need for concord among the peace forces in the country.

"'Reformers are apt to differ among themselves,' he said, 'and perhaps it is true that pacifists are unusually pugnacious.'"

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In the Hollow of His Hand

"BY THE WILL OF GOD."

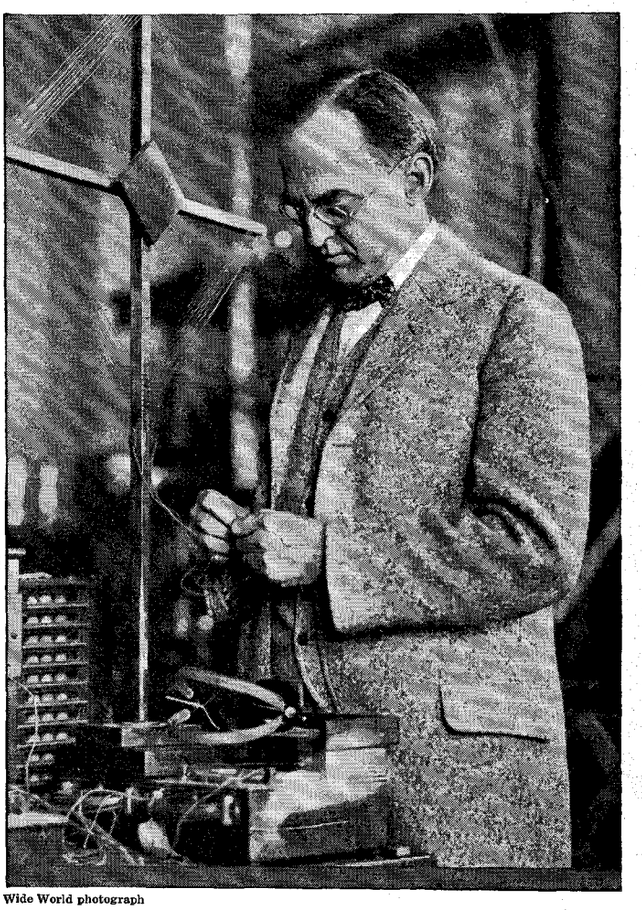
It is a scientist speaking. That is how he explains the atom, the speed of light, gravitation, the workings of electricity.

No cut-and-dried bundles of words made up into a scientific formula will suit, he says; they simply cover up the investigator's ignorance. In the last analysis, everything operates by the will of God, and there is no formula which will explain that.

It is peculiarly significant, in this era of flux, that while lay and clerical believers occasionally shift over to the ranks of those who are trying to build up a religion without God, more and more of the great leaders in the army of scientific research can find no better solution of the riddles of the universe than "the will of God."

So Dr. W. R. Whitney, director of many vast electrical researches, has found God in his laboratory. Perhaps that is why his door in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, in New York City, has this sign: "Director of Research; Come in, rain or shine."

George W. Gray walked in, and found a young man sixty-two years old, sitting at his desk under the ultra-violet glow of a quartz mercury vapor-lamp. Mr. Gray tells us in the New York *Times* Magazine about this visit, and it is a good lay sermon.



Wide World photograph

"By the Will of God"

That, says Dr. W. R. Whitney, a world figure in science, is the solution of the riddles of the universe.

BUT first to Dr. Whitney. He is a world figure in science. He is past president of the American Chemical Society, fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, doctor from half a dozen colleges, holder of many decorations and medals, author of highly technical studies. But all this grandeur, says Mr. Gray, instantly melts in his warming presence:

"He pulls up a chair; he is solicitous about your problem; he listens sympathetically.

"And then he answers straight from the shoulder, in crisp sentences that do not blush to include an occasional colloquialism.

"You forget the learned celebrity, and listen to the friendly fellow-human, who sees your difficulty, and is giving you his best help on it. That is how one feels, recalling a first visit with him.

"His facility for understanding and helping the other fellow harks back, I think, to a boyhood experience. There was in his home town, Jamestown, New York, a wealthy business man, William C. J. Hall, who was an ardent naturalist. Mr. Hall organized a free evening class to introduce a group of boys to the wonders of nature via his compound microscope.

"The group included only half a dozen—'all that could work together around the rotating table on which he placed his immense microscope,' recalls Mr. Whitney. 'He did not merely show his specimens, of which he had thousands, but he taught us how to prepare them in all the various ways. They were wonderful to me, and still are.'

"Years later, when Dr. Whitney was called before a learned body to receive its award of the Perkin's Medal for his encouragement of research, he paid a happy tribute to this friend who had quickened his first love for science. As one reads the words of this memoir, one senses the likeness between Whitney, the professional, and Hall, the amateur with a consuming hobby.

"Dr. Whitney, too, has his consuming hobbies, and he is an amateur (in the literal sense), and a teacher and inspirer of youth."

INTERVIEWER and scientist spoke of electricity. Enough has been discovered to show that we really know very little about it. "However," said Dr. Whitney, "it is pretty clear that no matter what electricity is, it seems to be the ultimate essence of what everything is made of, and by which most processes occur." Mr. Gray carries on the story:

"'And that ultimate essence itself?' I asked.

"'We have our theories,' answered the scientist, 'but can't prove them.' He picked up from his desk a small bar magnet. 'Bring this near a steel needle, and the needle will leap to the magnet. No one knows why, but we have worked out elaborate explanations. We speak of lines of force, we draw a diagram of the magnetic field. We know there are no lines there, and "field" is just a word to cover our ignorance.'

"He laid the magnet over a wooden base in which was embedded another bar magnet, and the upper magnet floated in space about half an inch above the base.

"'What supports it? Sir Oliver Lodge says it is the all-pervading ether. But Einstein denies that there is any ether. Which is right? I say that the magnet floats in space by the will of God. The magnet repels another magnet by the will of God. And no man to-day can give a more precise answer.'

"'What do you mean by the will of God?' I asked.

"'What do you mean by light?' shot back the scientist. 'A beam of light comes speeding from a star, traveling hundreds of years, and finally it reaches your optic nerve, and you see the star. How does it do that? We have our corpuscular theory of light, our wave theory, and now our quantum theory, but they are all just educated guesses. About as good an explanation as any is to say that light travels by the will of God.

"'The best scientists,' he added, 'have to recognize that they are just kindergarten fellows playing with mysteries—our ancestors were, and our descendants will be.'

"'Then there is a limit to what we can know?'

"'It seems so. We move from one theory to the next, and always there is something that does not fit in with the other evidence. Take the atom. Yesterday it was whirling particles, infinitesimal solar systems. But that is outmoded now, and to-day the atom is described as a wave in space. To-morrow it

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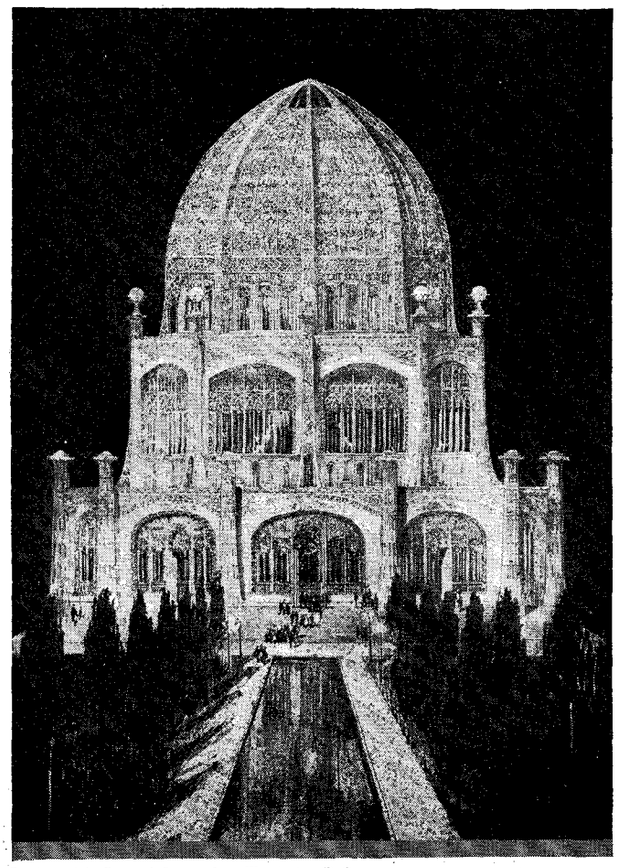
will be something different. The theory of relativity is not final. It won't stand fixt. No scientific concept can stand still. All is in motion. The will of God, the law which we discover, but can not understand or explain—that alone is final.'"

DISCUSSION turned to the industrial future. The interviewer asked what the machine created by the cortex, or gray matter of the brain, is doing to the men and women who use it, who in countless factories appear as so many appendages to the machine:

"Do you think I would work thirty years in industrial research if I thought the machine were a detriment to character?" Dr. Whitney answered. "I feel that these mechanical improvements are spiritual goods." As the interviewer quotes him further:



Courtesy of the Research Service, Inc., Washington, D. C

"A Lacy Envelop Enshrining an Idea"

The Baha'i Temple at Wilmette, Illinois. Bahaiism is a Persian all-embracing religious philosophy.

"Science can enslave us or it can free us, but we ourselves must make the choice. You can use the radio to control a distant deposit of explosives and blow up a city, or you can use it to spread good-will among the nations.

"Look at the Nile laborer, pumping water by his own muscle power. It takes all his time to earn the food he eats—we can't expect much from his brain. An electric pump will free that man.

"Perhaps, you say, he isn't ready for freedom. Then that is a problem, not for industry, but for education.

"Idleness is not the goal, but leisure for new experiment may be. Automobiles, airplanes, radio, the long train of physical inventions and improvements which bridge time and space and save labor—these may be agencies in the education of the cortex. As such, they are factors in the spiritual growth of man.

"Yes, there is a spiritual growth out of the material.

"Indeed, we have had to go through materialism to attain it—have had to learn the laws from nature itself. And we are not through learning, experimenting. I have an idea that man is only half-way from nowhere to somewhere worth while.

"He will arrive, finally, through future new electrical hook-ups within the cortex—that is, through experimenting."

A Blend of All Religions

A TEMPLE OF LIGHT it is called, and it is said to embrace "the first new idea in architecture since the thirteenth century."

But it is not a Christian place of worship, or a synagog, which, on first glance, a casual beholder might take it to be. It is the Baha'i Temple, begun this fall in Wilmette, Illinois. Bahaiism is a Persian all-embracing religious philosophy which has made its appearance on the hospitable American scene, and is said to be spreading over the world.

A description of the unique and eye-arresting structure is given by Allan B. McDaniel in *The Technology Review*, published by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He quotes H. Van Buren Magonigle, New York City architect, as saying that the architect of the Baha'i Temple, the late Louis Bourgeois of Wilmette, "has conceived a Temple of Light in which structure, as usually understood, is to be concealed, visible support eliminated as far as possible, and the whole fabric to take on the airy substance of a dream; it is a lacy envelop enshrining an idea, the idea of Light, a shelter of cobweb interposed between earth and sky, struck through and through with Light—Light which shall partly consume the forms and make it a thing of faery."

ANOTHER interpretation of the temple's architectural features is taken from *The Architectural Record*:

"The first story in its simplicity of line suggests the Greek and Egyptian temples; while the treatment of the doors and windows is Romanesque in form, and both Gothic and Arabic in the intricacy and beauty of ornamentation. The second story is Renaissance in line, and Gothic in the interlaced arches of its openings. The third is quiet, and Renaissance in treatment.

"Above it rises a lovely dome, suggestive of Byzantine forms; but above the closed top rise other beams of the dome itself like hands clasped in prayer, so that the dome gives the feeling of ascension and aspiration.

"In the geometric forms of the ornamentation covering the columns and surrounding windows and doors of the temple, one deciphers all the religious symbols of the world.

"Here are the swastika cross, the circle, the triangle, the double triangle or six-pointed star (or Solomon's seal, the magic symbol of necromancers of old); but more than this the noble symbol of the spiritual orb, or sun behind the Saviour of mankind; the five-pointed star, representing the man saviour—Christ or Buddha or Mohammed; the Greek Cross, the Roman or Christian cross; and, supreme above all, the wonderful nine-pointed star, figured in the structure of the temple itself, and appearing again and again in its ornamentation, as significant of the spiritual glory in the world to-day.

"The nine-pointed star reappears in the formation of the windows and doors, which are all topped by this magnificent allegory of spiritual glory, from which extend gilded rays covering the lower surfaces, and illustrating, in this vivid and artistic limning, the descent of the Holy Spirit.

"The numbers 9 and 19 recur again and again in the structure of the temple, illustrating its basic principle of Unity—nine being the number of perfection, containing in itself the completion of each perfect number cycle, and 19 representing the Union of God and man, as manifested in life, civilization and all things."

A NOTE by Mr. McDaniel on Bahaiism:

"The Baha'i Movement, or Bahiism, which is building the Temple, is a religious movement, which was founded in Persia in 1844, by Mirza Alī Muhammed of Shīrāz, and has millions of adherents throughout the world at the present time. Its universal teachings were proclaimed to the world by Bahā'u'lla'h, which means Glory of God.

"'Abdu'l Baha,' the son of Bahā'u'lla'h, made a western tour in 1912 and 1913, speaking in many American and European churches and universities. He laid special stress upon the following universal principles: the independent search for truth; the oneness of mankind; the abolition of racial, patriotic, political, religious prejudices; universal peace; an international court of arbitral justice; the harmony of science and religion; the essential oneness of all religions; the betterment of morals; economic righteousness and justice; universal education; the equality of men and women; and a universal auxiliary language."

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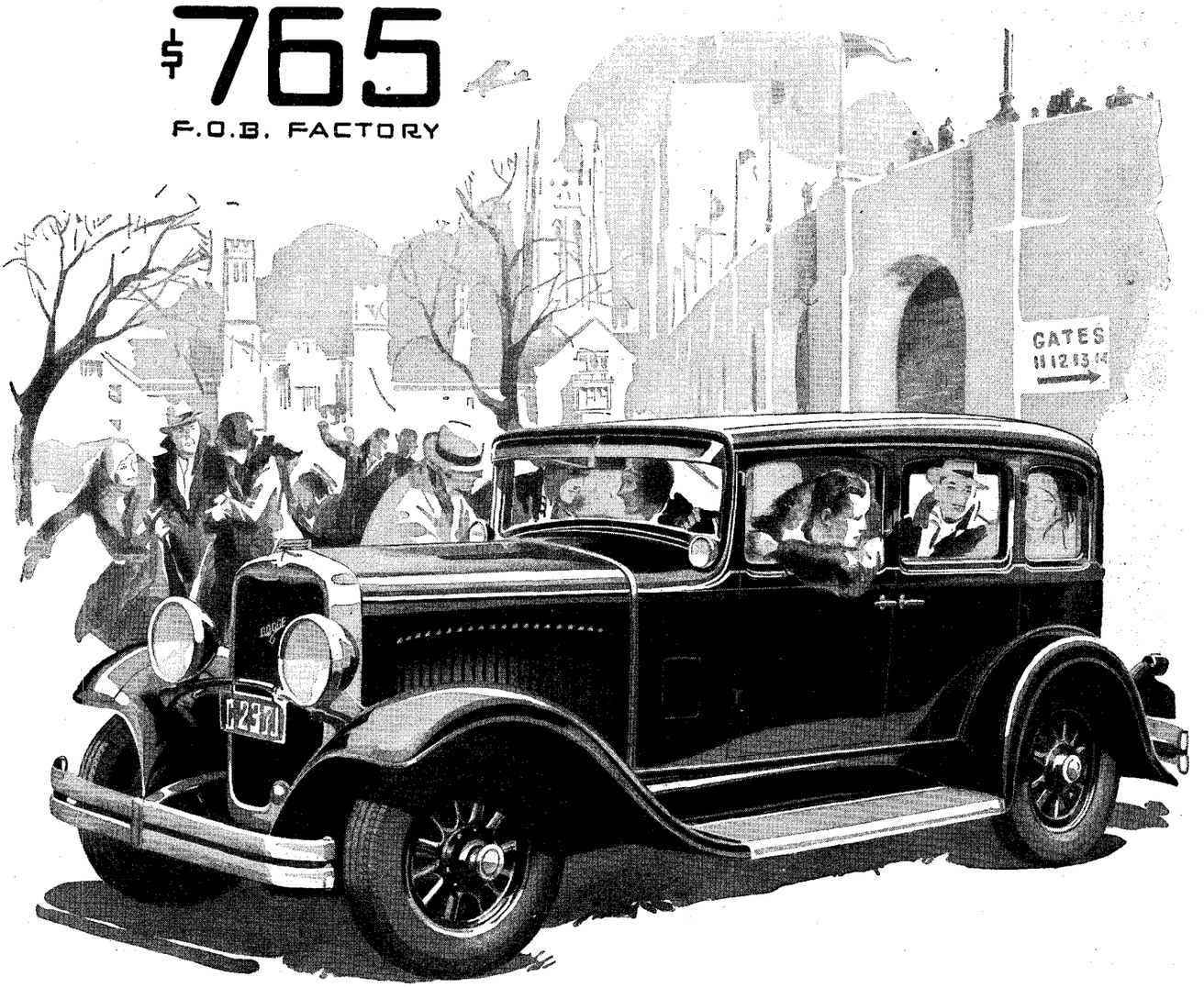

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New York's Child Brides

CHILD MARRIAGE IS USUALLY REGARDED as something remote, in far-off India, in the Orient, or in southeastern Europe.

But it is known in New York City, too.

Within the last academic year, the annual report of Superintendent of Schools discloses, 483 boys and girls—the vast majority girls—were dropt from the school rolls because of marriage.

One little girl of twelve and another of thirteen, we read in the New York *Sun's* digest of the report, were among those married. At the age of fourteen twenty boys and girls left school to be wed, and eighty-three more went to the altar when they were fifteen. The majority of pupil-marriages took place at sixteen years, 342 of that immature age leaving school because they became husbands or wives.

A score or more were seventeen or older, but the statistics for these ages are not significant, since seventeen is the legal school-leaving age; most prospective brides or bridegrooms of seventeen or more would leave school, as they have a legal right to do, without disclosing their reasons.

SOMETHING of the social environment of the youngsters is revealed by the fact, we read, that 365 of the 483 pupil-marriages were contracted in the continuation schools—schools which are maintained by the State for children who leave school to go to work before they are seventeen. It would appear, then, that child-marriages are most likely to occur among children of less prosperous families, families in which children go to work at fourteen or fifteen years. It is noted, too, that the scholarship of the pupils who married was not high.

At first glance it might appear that here is a serious problem. But the percentage of pupil-marriages among the tens of thousands of pupils attending school is small. "Without doubt," comments *The Sun* editorially, "there are some tragic stories behind the weddings of the youngsters of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen." But—

"It should be borne in mind, however, that in each of these age groups there are registered from 90,000 to 100,000 pupils. Thus, there was literally one marriage in 100,000 among the twelve-year-olds and the thirteen-year-olds. In the fourteen-year-old group the twenty marriages were one in 5,000, or one-fiftieth of 1 per cent.

"These cases were rare enough, therefore, to be regarded as isolated instances rather than as indications of a grave social problem.

"In the fifteen-year and sixteen-year groups marriages occurred with much greater frequency.

"In the first group the eighty-three marriages were out of a total registration of more than 60,000, somewhat more frequently than one in a thousand. In the sixteen-year group the 342 marriages reported by Dr. O'Shea occurred among 34,000 pupils; this was at the rate of approximately one in a hundred.

"Very few parents of northern racial extraction and habit of thought would like to see their daughters marry at sixteen, but New York's heterogeneous population produces many social customs differing from those of the majority.

"Among some of the foreign-born, marriage for a girl of sixteen is regarded not only as not a cause for alarm but as normal and altogether desirable. Romeo's 'bright angel' was a maid of fourteen or fifteen; his romance with Juliet, if it were attempted to-day, would have the school-attendance laws as well as the family enmities to surmount."

Because of Thy Great Bounty

By Grace Noll Crowell

BECAUSE I have been given much,
I, too, shall give;
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
Each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,
By Thy good care,
I can not see another's lack
And I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
My roof's safe shelter overhead,
That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so
Upon me, Lord,
A wealth I know that was not meant
For me to hoard,
I shall give love to those in need,
The cold and hungry clothe and feed,
Thus shall I show my thanks indeed.

—*Good Housekeeping, New York.*

The Passing of Pews for Sale

STRANDED ONE WEEK-END in a New York city hotel, Bill Nye, the famous humorist of a generation or more ago, decided on Sunday morning to go to a fashionable Fifth Avenue church, about which he had heard a great deal. Drest in his typical Western fashion, the Boston *Evening Transcript* recalls, Nye felt that he was ignored by somewhat supercilious doormen and ushers. However, he slipt in unostentatiously, and chose a seat in an empty pew not far from the back.

He was enjoying the service when, just before the sermon was to begin, a woman drest as a society dowager swept in, seated herself in a far end of the pew he was occupying, eyed him disdainfully through her lorgnette and fidgeted about uncomfortably.

During the singing of the hymn the woman ripped the fly-leaf from a prayer-book, wrote on it and slid the sheet to Nye, who read: "I pay $1,000 a quarter for this pew."

Nye related that he scribbled on the other side of the leaf: "You pay too much."

The story has been told at various times of various well-known people, but, whoever the hero, it has a moral, discernible with the naked eye, and *The Evening Transcript* notes:

"Much comment was heard in New York a year or two ago when one of the wealthy churches of a prominent Protestant denomination announced that the paid pew was to be abolished in favor of free-will offerings and pledges for the support of the church.

"New York again discust this problem early in September when an outstanding Lutheran church, dating back to the early nineteenth century, gave up its long-standing custom of reserved pews with the announcement to the congregation that the name-plates had been removed during the vacation period by authority of the church council."

THE announcement moves the Brooklyn *Eagle* to remark:

"It is not quite half a century since Brown, the sexton of the 'most fashionable church of the Protestant Episcopal Communion on Manhattan Island,' recommended a 'stranger,' a poorly drest woman, to go to one of the chapels maintained by the church instead of trying to worship in the main edifice.

"The story got into the newspapers, and Wong Chin Foo, a Chinese publicist of the Mandarin class, wrote in Dana's *Sun:*

You can pray at the Joss House in Mott street,
With never a cent to pay;
But you can't do that same at St. Thomas,
For it isn't built up that way.

"The issue was, of course, confused by such satire. To-day one may easily find serious food for reflection in the obsolescence of the family pew and the near-obsolescence of the pew that is paid for by the year and becomes property. Most evangelical churches have gone over to the free-pew system.

"What seems to be true is that the family pew, with or without a name-plate, is out of place in cities where the family-worship habit has virtually disappeared. There are still Protestant families in this City of Churches who go to church together, father, mother, sons and daughters; little children as well as older ones. But these are so few as not to count.

"There is more than one side to the question involved as to paying for seating. At least a plausible, and perhaps a sound, argument might be made for a seat payment by every worshiper, rich or poor.

"Men and women, especially in this age, value little what costs them nothing, and their interest in church affairs is enhanced by the fact that they are in a limited way contributing to the financing of the worshiping organization."

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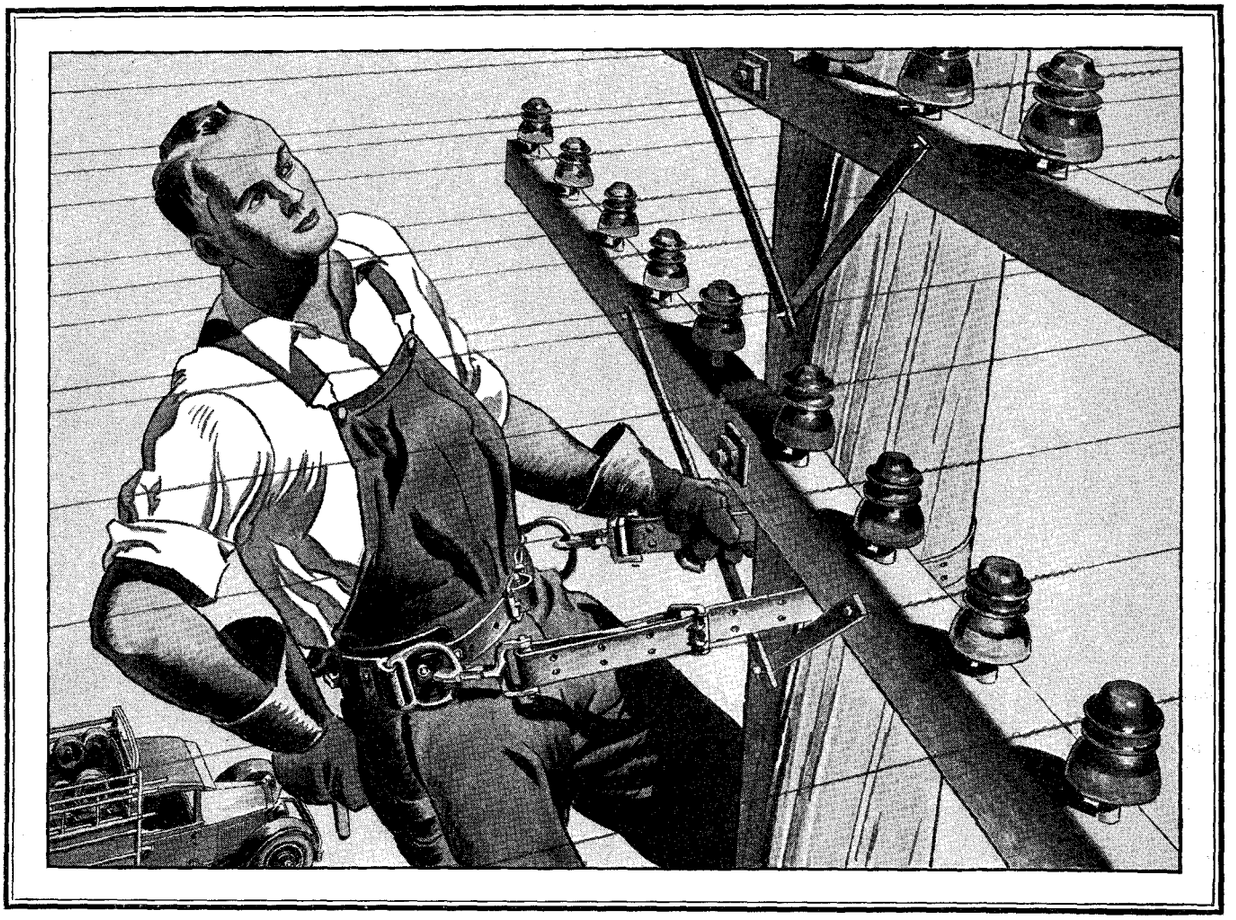

The continent that became a neighborhood

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THROUGH slim wires etched against the sky . . . through cables laid in the earth under cities and fields . . . millions of Americans, miles or days' journeys apart, speak to each other as readily as though they stood face to face.

Over her telephone, a housewife in a Wisconsin town inquires about a dress pattern from a friend who lives nearby. Over his telephone, a business man in Philadelphia talks to another in Denver. Over her telephone, a mother in Kansas asks her son at college fifty miles away if he will come home for the week-end. Over his telephone, a cabinet member in Washington gives instructions to an assistant in Seattle. Regardless of distance and the complexity of modern living, they talk directly and immediately with any one, anywhere, at any time they choose.

The function of the Bell Telephone System is the vital one of making it possible to maintain social and business contacts in cities that contain many times more people than this nation once boasted . . . in a neighborhood which the Census reports to hold 127 million people. Year after year from its beginning, the Bell System has increased its facilities, its personnel and its usefulness. Looking ahead and planning for the future, it has forwarded the growth of this nation by meeting its communication needs fully and economically. Today it overcomes the hindrances of distance and time . . . and unifies a civilization geared to the habit of instantaneous communication.

Because it serves all who call on it, by enriching their lives and helping to make their enterprises more successful, the telephone plays an increasingly useful part in the every-day activities of the American people.

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

WHETHER *The Queen's Quarterly*, a Canadian University magazine, publishes here a current Canadian folk belief, we can not say. We cite it for its eery quality:

THE WEE BROON MAN

BY ROBERT WATSON

The day grows cauld an' the win' blaws snell;
  The whaups by the shore are cryin' sair;
The dark creeps owre the moor an' fell;
  The bairns are beddit twa hoors an' mair.
Wheesht! Wheesht! As quiet's ye can,
It's near the time for the "wee broon man."

For wha dae ye keep the three-legged stool
  That nane dare sit on frae morn till nicht,
An' the rug by the fire o' lambs' guid wool;
  The glimmerin' peep o' the lantern licht?
Wheesht! Wheesht! As quiet's ye can,
They're there for the use o' the "wee broon man."

The nicht grows dark an' the win' blows cauld;
  The door should be ticht wi' sneck an' key:
The sheep lie warm within the fauld;
  For wha dae ye leave the door agee?
Wheesht! Wheesht! As quiet's ye can,
It's open tae welcome the "wee broon man."

What gars ye sit roon' the wee stool there,
  In your clean bare feet, as the Word is read,
While your father pits up his lang lang prayer,
  Afore ye gang tae your ain wee bed?
Wheesht! Wheesht! As quiet's ye can,
We dae it tae humour the "wee broon man."

Why mix mair brose a' warm an' new,
  An' set it wi' milk on the three-legged stool,
When a' are at hame an' suppert fu',
  An' happit snug i' the sheeps' saft wool?
Wheesht! Wheesht! As quiet's ye can,
We daurna forget the "wee broon man."

Ther's mornin' licht, an' the day comes fast.
  The brose frae the bowl is lickit clean.
The lambs' wool rug is turned and tashed.
  I wonder wha i' the nicht has been?
Wheesht! Wheesht! As quiet's ye can,
I'm glad we hae sheltered the "wee broon man."

An' wha wad want his wee laigh stool,
  An' who wad steek the door sae ticht,
An' wha wad forget his bed o' wool,
  An' his sup o' brose, an' his peep o' licht?
Wheesht! Wheesht! As quiet's ye can,
For we need the luck o' the "wee broon man."

THE modern soul may be forgiven for outdoing the quietist in his search for escape. This in *The New Statesman* (London):

REST

BY A. E. LLOYD-MAUNSELL

In the deep fathoms of the sea,
Where no wave moves nor any current set;
No murmur of the surf nor any fret
Of winds to break its green tranquillity—
There would I lie
And let Time pass me by.

There would I lie, asleep, awake, at rest;
Motionless, void, too deep for stir of breath
That moves 'twixt Heaven and Earth and troubleth.
Lord! this is my behest,
That for a little I may lie
And Time pass by.

For I am weary of strange notes and sounds
Sung by the wind, and all their urgency,
Conflicting tumults, clash and spray of sea,
And all the travail that life bounds.
Here for a little let me lie
And Time pass by.

And the green weights of water overhead,
And the green depths below, on either side
Shall curtain me until another tide
Shall take me—whither, whither led!
Thou knowest, Lord—not I!
I shall but follow when
You beckon and pass by.

THIS one, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, will take no comfort from the waning season, nor give any to a new born in this fateful time:

TO A CHILD BORN IN AUTUMN AFTER NIGHTFALL

BY FRANCES M. FROST

We have left the sun and come upon the night.
Our roads have darkened, and our trees are dim,
Though we know, by day, they loosen burning
  leaves
Over the yellow grass.

Behold this white
Mist that blows across the dark from rim
To rim of darkness; we have passed
The summer stars and Jupiter has gone,
Dragging his moons west to a hidden sky,
And we are come upon the Pleiades.

It was the autumn wind you heard—that cry
Which snatched your heart from out your narrow
  breast
And drew it down the dark and winding roads.

Beware of autumn now, beware of wind;
Beware of darkness and the climbing stars . . .
From this night onward, you will find no rest.

READ more than the title if you wish the rest of the adage. From *The New Yorker:*

PENNY-WISE

BY ANGELA CYPHER

I could tell it
  By your eyes
That in love
  You were penny-wise;

I could read it
  Like a book,
That thrifty, solvent,
  Careful look!

Your chin, your brow
  Were unafraid,
Your warmly curving
  Lips betrayed

That you were rich
  With every gift,
Not needy, and
  Condemned to thrift.

And so my wisdom
  Cried: "Retreat,
For only tiny
  Gifts are sweet!"

But you, who dare not
  Give away
A little joy
  For the passing day,

Who save your love
  Like a careful miser
Unskilled in spending,
  Grow no wiser.

Your dammed-up love
  Like an avalanche
Will root up prudence
  Stem and branch,

Will sweep the hedge
  And garden down,
And little lovely
  Things will drown!

For those who stint
  And starve their passion
Go spendthrift in
  A dangerous fashion

FROM *The Frontier* (University of Montana) comes this homely picture and the eternal question that it suggests:

FARMER ASLEEP

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

He lies asleep—
Old friend of the soil—
Under his tree.
He has left his toil,
Forgotten the rake
That stands by the door,
And the tools that sprawl
On the workhouse floor.
The whetstone yearns
For a creaky start,
But he lies so still
One can see his heart
Thumping the front
Of his denim shirt.
Listless, the chickens
Scratch at the dirt,
And peck at the pears
That thud from the tree,
But he does not hear,
And he does not see.

Forgotten the harrow
That needs his red hands
To guide through the marrow
Of black bottom lands,
For now he is one
With the long afternoon
Of the Indian Summer—
Ghost of June,
And breezes and sweet
With the meadow full ripe
That play at his hair
And scatter his pipe.

But soon he will stretch
From the bench where he lies,
Rubbing reality
Back in his eyes.

When the real sleep comes,
And all is forgotten,
When fields lie fallow,
And fences are rotten,
And the years creak on
Like an old cart wheel,
Will he stir from his sleep,
Will he rouse to feel
Once more for old familiar things?
When the years drop down
Like fruit long ripe,
Over six feet of ground,
Will he reach for his pipe?

Some say, surely he will arise,
Rubbing eternity back in his eyes,
And some, "Nevermore,"
But the wind that blows
From the meadowland mourns:
"Who knows? Who knows?"

THE *Canadian Forum* (Toronto) has an amusing jape at a certain type of U. S. tourists in Canada, that may make some laugh and others ponder:

TOURIST TIME

BY F. R. SCOTT

This fat woman in canvas knickers
Gapes seriously at everything.
We might be a city of the dead
Or cave men,
Instead of simple town folk.
We have nothing to show
That can't be seen better somewhere else,
Yet for this woman the wonder ceases not.

Madam, the most extraordinary thing in this
  town
Is the shape of your legs.

O communication!
O rapid transit!

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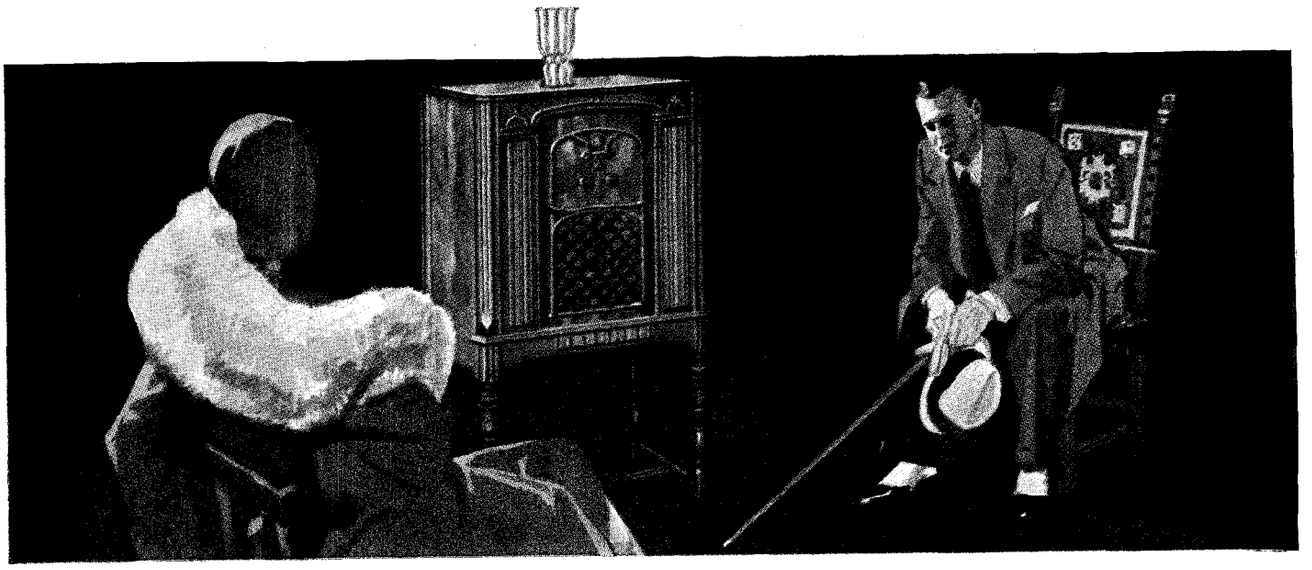
YOU WILL AGREE WITH MARCONI



When you hear the sensational new

Radiola Super-Heterodyne

acclaimed by inventor of radio as "a great advance"

Now you can enjoy a new radio instrument so highly developed . . . so far advanced that it has won praise from Marconi himself . . . the genius who invented radio . . . the outstanding leader in radio science for 36 years!

Never before have you heard a radio quite like the new RCA Radiola Super-Heterodyne . . . never before such thrilling tone . . . never before such alert performance!

Here is the finest home instrument that ever carried the RCA trade-mark . . . the most highly perfected instrument that the world's greatest radio engineers and RCA's vast resources can build . . . the result of a 7-year development of the Super-Heterodyne by the leader of the industry.

Wins Instant Success!

The new Radiola meets modern broadcasting conditions perfectly. The government has assigned to each broadcasting station a broadcasting channel of a standard 10-kilocycle width. The new Radiola is so expertly designed that it receives all of the program in the full width of the channel—no more—no less. Hence the remarkable tone quality, the startling realism, the exceptional freedom from overlapping, interference, noise, and distortion . . . no wonder that this is the fastest selling radio in RCA Radiola history!

Fascinating New Features

The new Radiola models offer all the latest features for home entertainment. The combination radio-phonograph model affords all the fun of home-recording—allows you to make actual records of your own voice! Remote control enables you to change stations from your favorite chair! Tone color control permits you to adjust tone to suit your own taste!

Consider the Value!

Four years ago a Radiola Super-Heterodyne cost $570. Today you can have a far superior model for $142.50, less Radiotrons.

Prove these facts for yourself. See your Radiola dealer today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable musical instrument—the Radiola. Insist upon the RCA trade-mark—your guarantee of satisfaction in the years to come.

RCA Radiola SUPER-HETERODYNE

Set Illustrated: Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Model 80—screen-grid—9 tuned circuits—magnified, illuminated tuning dial accurately calibrated in kilocycles—improved volume control—local-distance switch—push-pull amplification—improved electro-dynamic speaker—handsome walnut veneer cabinet—$142.50, less Radiotrons. Also De Luxe Model and Radiola with electric phonograph, equipped with remote control, radio's ultimate convenience.

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Accidents—Increasing and Decreasing

THE INDUSTRIES HAVE CUT DOWN their toll of accidents. But in the streets and highways, accidents are increasing tragically.

This is the sum and substance of a Presidential address to members of the National Safety Council by C. E. Pettibone of Boston.

It is the motor-vehicle that is held responsible for the increase, and many authorities blame the flood of old second-hand cars that race along our highways with worn-out brakes, unable to stop quickly in an emergency. The "moron drivers," too, often made reckless by a dash of alcohol, come in for a lot of censure. The automobile is here to stay; how can we make it safe? We can curb factory accidents by appealing to employers, but to cut down highway accidents we must deal with millions of separate individuals. We must find some "structure in community life," Mr. Pettibone says, through which we may make our appeal.

BUT so far we have not found it, and the killings in our streets go on. We read:

"Reductions in accidents will never come like avalanches. Good safety records are usually won after battling with the problem for years.

"People must be convinced that accidents have definite causes—that they don't just happen.

"Employers, public authorities, and others having influence must have the will and desire to apply themselves seriously to stopping accidents.

"We are encouraged, therefore, by the indisputable evidence secured here and there that accidents can be practically stopt. We have the good records of thousands of industries, the 60 per cent. reduction on the steam railroads, the 11 per cent. reduction in child accidents last year. There is no community that has made an effort for safety which has not made some outstanding record of safety achievement. The safety movement can not possibly stop growing.

"But the growth is like that of a tree. The yearly accretions may not be noticeable, but the roots are ever sinking deeper and the branches are ever spreading wider and reaching higher.

"It is vital that we ask ourselves, 'Where are we going and how far can we go in this accident problem?' The 1929 death-rate per 100,000 population was about 79.9. There were 97,000 deaths—10,000,000 people injured. The increase did not occur in industry, or in the homes; and we know that in the school age group fatalities decreased 11 per cent. last year.

"We all know that the cause of our greatest concern in the accident problem is the motor-vehicle. Thirty-one thousand deaths caused by this single type of instrument can not be accepted as a necessary part of our routine existence.

"No one has yet produced an all-inclusive remedy for this increasing accident problem. The National Safety Council is not yet powerful enough to effectively influence every man on the streets, judge on the bench, joy-rider, jay-walker, city administration, national and State legislature, commercial-vehicle operator, and others whom it is necessary to influence and educate in their personal responsibility.

"The street and highway problem lacks the control we have in industry. We must first make the public understand the seriousness of the accident situation, and then organize effective leadership. We have got to impress every man, woman, and child in the country.

"If the motor-vehicle accident problem is primarily one of organization, then surely 'other public' accidents, including those in the home, which all together are stealing 43,000 additional lives every year, demand the same treatment. Again this is an educational problem demanding strong leadership.

"I have said that there was an 11 per cent. decrease in deaths among children of the school-age group last year. What a tribute to safety education, and what convincing proof this is of the necessity for finding organizations in every community and those of national influence that can put over a program of education. The school accomplishments compare favorably with those in industry. We must find a similar structure in community life which will prove to be as effective in reducing street and highway and home accidents."

A Medical Slap at the Vegetarian Gospel

IT IS TRUE that it is not a "complete food," admits the writer of an editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago).

It needs to be supplemented by other foods, but, so supplemented, there is no harm in it. If this writer is correct, a moderate amount of meat may be considered normal foodstuff.

This conclusion will not be accepted by vegetarian authorities, who have blamed meat for many human ills. The writer admits that the proper place of meat in the modern dietary has been considerably debated for many years. He says:

"Some vegetarians have been swayed by religious or sociological teachings in their avoidance of flesh foods.

"Thousands of persons have existed without apparent detriment on a regimen in which meat finds no place.

"Objections to flesh foods have been raised in the past on various grounds. At one time, the putrescibility of animal tissues that are eaten was strest. This was in a decade when the vague specter of so-called autointoxication swayed many persons. Presently, flesh foods began to be incriminated as containing precursors of the dreaded uric acid, pictured as the cause of many human ills.

"To-day, the desirability of a purine-free dietary no longer seems so pressing. Liver, for example, has shifted from the category of a food product likely to yield uric acid into the group of health-promoting nutrients."

MORE recent objections, we are told, have been directed toward the possibilities of kidney disorders and to the possible production of high blood-pressure. The management of the latter is an ever-present problem in practical medicine to-day. Scanty reports available from races that are known to live almost exclusively on meat for long periods are not considered by the writer to be disheartening. He goes on:

"A report by Thomas, a few years ago, dealt with his examination of 142 Eskimos accustomed to an almost exclusive meat regimen.

"He found no elevation of blood-pressure above the normal, and rarely any evidence of renal disorder. There are other records indicating that Eskimo and other tribes accustomed to a life of hardship and endurance fail to show indications of harm attributable to their high protein intake.

"The flesh—that is, the musculature tissue of animals, which is consumed by man—is admittedly an 'incomplete' food. Its poverty in vitamins and some of the inorganic nutrients, notably calcium, is conspicuous. Roughage likewise is lacking in the customary cuts of meat.

"The tribes or persons who are naturally adapted to a meat regimen include not only skeletal muscle but also abundance of tissue fats, bone marrow, and various edible organs in their food intake. This needs to be taken into consideration in any physiologic evaluation of flesh-eating persons.

"An exclusive ration of lean muscle tissue is impossible because of the physical limitations of the apparatus of mastication, if for no other reason.

"In a series of carefully controlled observations at the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, New York, two Arctic explorers lived for a year on a diet consisting exclusively of 'flesh foods.' The carefully prepared report states that, at the end of the year, 'the subjects were mentally alert, physically active, and showed no specific physical changes in any system of the body.' The blood-pressure was not raised; kidney-function tests gave no indication of renal damage; vitamin deficiencies did not appear.

"The use of the meat diets did not decrease the efficiency of absorption from the intestinal tract. However, both men showed negative calcium balances when they were taking meat and fat alone.

"There was no depression of mental faculties, and no significant change in the carbon-dioxid combining power of the blood. These investigators failed to find any ill effects from the prolonged use of the exclusive meat diet. It is such a dietary program that is followed by many dwellers in the Far North, among them the Eskimo tribes already cited, without obvious detriment."

(*Department continued on page 31*)

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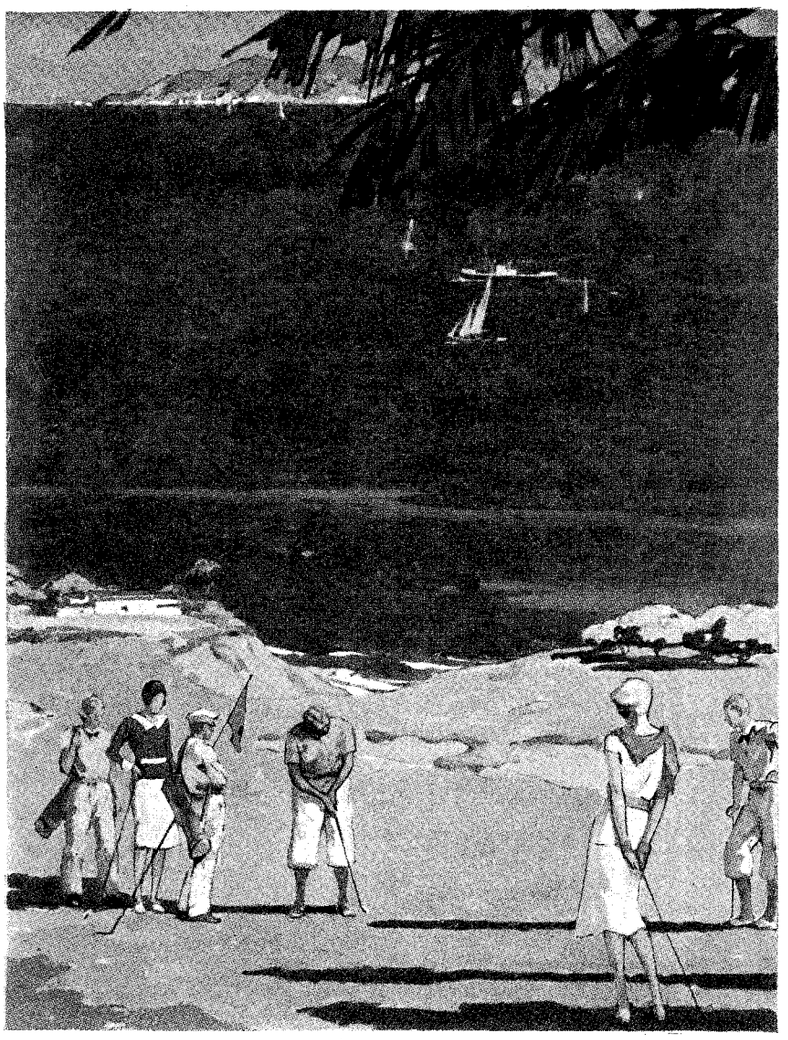
How to make the most of winter playtime

Snow-peaked mountains

The desert near Palm Springs



Golf beside the blue Pacific . . . outdoor sports all winter

YOU can make every precious vacation moment return its fullest measure of play, rest, health and stimulating new experience in Southern California this winter. For no other single place offers so *many* ways of making winter playtime memorable.

For instance, there's the winter desert, with a brilliant oasis like Palm Springs, the new mecca for those who know the world's most fascinating playgrounds. You'll learn its mysterious lure while day-long sunshine gives you a coat of winter tan.

Nearby are pine-bordered lakes a mile above the sea . . . snow-peaked mountains and fertile valleys.

Your favorite sport . . . golf . . . polo . . . tennis . . . riding . . . all are here at their sportiest.

Costs As Little As $215 a Month While Here

Or you can bask beside the friendly Pacific . . . sail its smooth waters to pleasure-islands jutting out of the blue.

Get a touch of foreign glamour in Old Mexico, in California's ancient Spanish Missions and in the architecture they reflect today.

Then explore the gay cafes, night clubs and theaters of Hollywood . . . attend unique "first-nights" with the stars. Cosmopolitan, hospitable Los Angeles is next door, and near it over famous highways charming cities like Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Long Beach and Pasadena. New things to see and do at every turn . . . something different every day.

Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation-land, you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. Ample accommodations. In fact, U. S. government figures show that costs of food, rent, fuel and light here are 15.2% less than the national average. These basic factors indicate that your costs while here may easily be no more than at home!

New Free Vacation Book

A month's stay, for instance, including hotels, meals, trips to every major point of interest, sports, etc., need cost no more than $215 while here. We have prepared a suggested itinerary for such a visit, outlining just what you can see and do. Includes dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes, and itemized daily cost figures. Send the coupon now for your free copy of this remarkable book.

If you wish *another* beautiful Southern California book—containing 71 large gravure photographs, send 4c to cover mailing cost.

EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

Gay night life . . . Hollywood

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. 11-K,
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* one-month's Illustrated Winter Itinerary with itemized figures on costs while in Southern California.

(Check if desired). ☐ 4c in stamps (postage cost) enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ San Bernardino
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Riverside ☐ Ventura ☐ San Diego

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THE EIGHT

TAKE THE WHEEL . . . and find new thrills new pleasure new luxury

As new thrills, new pleasure, new luxury reveal t
selves in swift succession in the new Buick Ei
you quickly catch the significance of the phrase—
Eight as Buick Builds It!

For the new Buick is *more* than just anc
eight. You discover this when you call on the su
power of Buick's Valve-in-Head straight eight en
and experience new motoring joy . . . when Bui
silent Syncro-Mesh transmission* enables you
shift at any speed with a smooth, effortless mo
. . . when you relax in the luxury and quie
Buick's insulated body by Fisher, protected f
cold, heat or noise.

Year after year the motorists of America l
forward to the introduction of a new Buick in
fident anticipation of a genuine thrill. This
they were greeted by the Eight as Buick Builds

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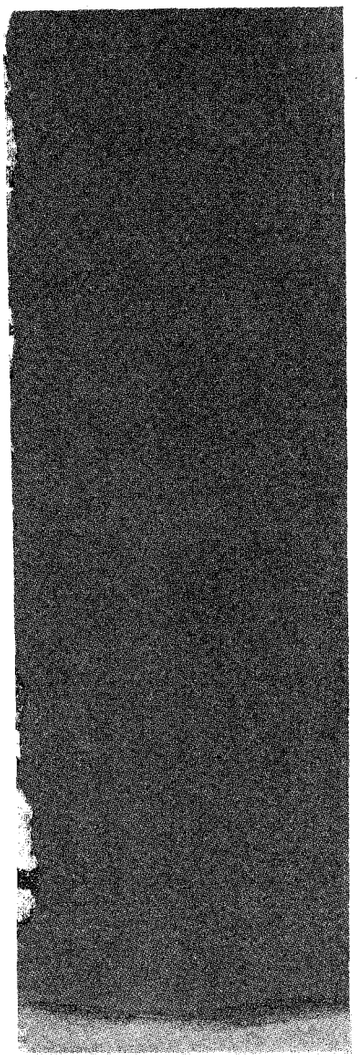


AS BUICK BUILDS IT

ight eight which incorporates Buick's famous e-in-Head principle of design. And the enthu- with which this car was received is demon- d by the following facts: During the first month its introduction, *four buyers chose Buick for every who purchased the second most popular car in Buick's range . . . or the second most popular eight of any* . And today, *representative cities throughout the ed States are awarding Buick 40 to 60 per cent e combined sales of the 15 cars in its price class.*

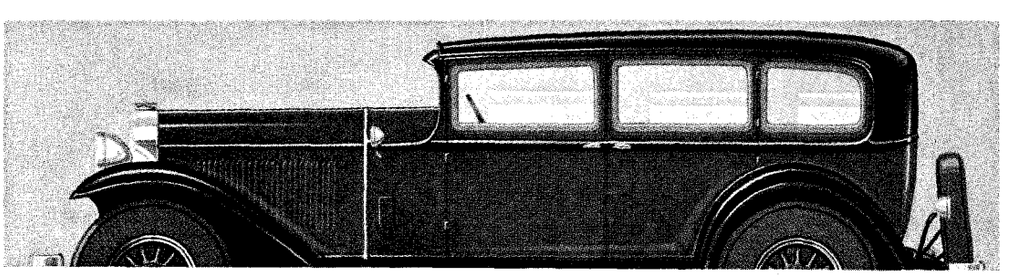
n this manner, Ameri- motor car buyers ex- s their complete faith Buick as a designer builder and their lehearted admiration the new Buick Eight.

Take the wheel of the Buick Straight Eight . . . and, like thousands of others, you will find *new* thrills, *new* pleasure, *new* luxury. Your Buick dealer invites you to come and drive the car yourself, for he wants you to know the Eight as Buick Builds It.

**A luxurious feature of the three larger series of Buick Eights. The lowest priced Buick employs Buick's standard fine-car transmission.*

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in twenty luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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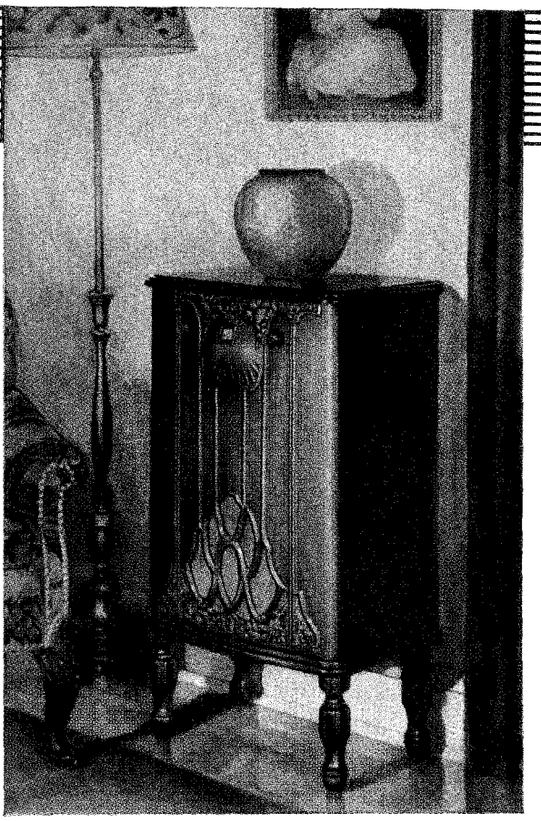

THE STUDIO LOWBOY

$112.50 less tubes

NOW EVERYONE CAN HAVE A

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

IN response to the demand for a compact, efficient, low priced radio set General Electric now offers the Studio Lowboy. A modern receiving set equipped with tuned radio frequency circuits and using *seven* tubes... *four* of which are screen-grid. This assures even sensitivity and selectivity over the *entire* tuning range.

The Studio Lowboy is housed in a cabinet of unusual grace and beauty. It will harmonize perfectly with your other furnishings. It is the ideal set for use where space is limited, when a second set is needed or where price is a consideration.

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate to your satisfaction the outstanding value of this new receiver. If you desire further information write Section R-5011, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

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(*Department continued from page 26*)

Houses in Mass Production

TO TURN OUT HOUSES by the thousand as Ford cars or No. 8 shoes are turned out, with proportionate reduction of cost—that is the plan described in *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.).

Machine-made? ugly?

By no means.

Tho assembled of standard parts, these homes can be put together in so many ways that the completed houses will look no more alike than two buildings made of bricks from the same yard. We read:

"The industry of providing houses or 'shelter' is lagging far behind other basic industries. From the view-point of modern mass-production, house-building is still in the dark ages.

"Present-day house-structure has become obsolete wherever the installation of the new household conveniences is an important consideration. The present traditional structure of wood, brick, or stone was evolved before the days of central heating, piped gas, electricity services, plumbing, and a large variety of mechanical devices now held essential. These things, and many others still to come, must be included in new structural conceptions.

"Recent years have produced many new building materials, processes, and finishes, but thus far they have been built in or superimposed upon the old traditional structure.

"Among these products are light fibrous and aerated-mineral materials for insulation and for sound-deadening; also a great variety of metallic and synthetic roofings and exterior finish, and numberless interior finishes in the form of plasters, wall-boards, tiles, paints, etc. Many or all of them might with better economy and effectiveness find their place in a new structure. Altho there is a vast amount of experimental and research work on building materials, and quite a little on structural elements or details, there are very few minds at work on new structural systems or methods as applied to minor buildings."

FOR the past five or ten years a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has studied the problems outlined above. He has carried on extensive research in housing structure and materials, and tried out in actual building novel structural methods. As a result, several types have been evolved, all based upon the conception of a relatively small cube as a module or unit of measure by which the proportions of other parts are regulated. The final structure may be imagined as made almost entirely from such small cubes. Further:

"The new methods are primarily structural, and will, it is expected, fulfil the requirements of modern industry, engineering efficiency, mass production, speedy assembly, and will also open new fields to invention, design, and the creation of domestic and civic beauty.

"In the first place, the method makes possible the mass production of framing parts (of steel, aluminum, etc.). Relatively few cross-sections are involved, few lengths, and few connections. With similar simplicity the supplementary elements (blocks, panels, and slabs) may be manufactured. In many different materials these are cut and finished and shipped, all ready for swift assembly on site.

"The structure thus assembled in the field is perfectly adapted for the ready and almost automatic application of finish to its surface. The use of a relatively small structural module means that all existing and prospective finishes, exterior and interior, can be conveniently designed and manufactured in form and size suitable for such application. And through general use of modularized openings, doors, windows, and perhaps stairs could be made more economically than at present, and without limitation of architectural design.

"Thirdly, in this new modularized structure the installation of heating, plumbing, lighting, and other services can be provided without interference with either structure or finish.

"The methods thus outlined, while at first thought open to the accusation "machine made,' 'standardized,' do not in reality impose upon the architect harmful restrictions either in plans or design. That a rich variety of effect and a wide range of architectural beauty may be attained with this modularized method and materials has been actually proved in certain houses built in the vicinity of Boston.

"The architect can plan freely.

"At the same time the householder gets the benefit in the lower cost of mass production. As soon as a good number of the building-materials industries recognize and adopt these modular methods, all that they now offer in the way of finish—paneling, tiling, fireproof and soundproof linings, and many new possible forms—can be used not only in the new structures, but on those of the traditional type, with enormously greater ease, flexibility, range of effect, and lower cost. Standardized modular design takes away nothing from what we already have, and it offers a more efficient structure from the view-points of cost, utility, and beauty."

Vocal Cords of Metal

METAL VOCAL CORDS are restoring the power of speech to persons who have become mute.

An artificial larynx which, when attached to the throat, functions in all respects like that of nature, is one of the latest products of scientific research, according to a research report issued by the Engineering Foundation.

The new artificial larynx, prepared by Dr. R. R. Riesz of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, New York, is a thin metal reed, clamped at one end and free at the other. It is attached to the windpipe by a rubber tube and coupling pad.

When air is expelled from the lungs and directed through this larynx, it sets the metal reed to vibrating, and the speaker, by the ordinary motions of tongue, lips, and throat muscles, transforms the vibrations into speech.

So complete is the mechanism that by a simple adjustment one can change the pitch of the vibrations, producing the tones of either a man or a woman. The instrument is thus adapted to use by both sexes. Dr. Riesz explains:

"Speech sounds in general may be divided into two groups. In the first group are placed all the 'voiced' sounds, in the production of which the vocal cords play an important part. Vowels, semi-vowels, diphthongs, transitionals, and voiced consonants are members of this group. The second group comprises the 'unvoiced' sounds, in the production of which no sound is generated by the vocal cords. The unvoiced sounds in general are produced in the mouth.

"For the voiced sounds, the source is the larynx, or voice-box, situated at the top of the windpipe. In the larynx is a pair of exceedingly adjustable lips—the vocal cords—which during ordinary breathing are drawn out of the way, allowing air to pass freely to and from the lungs.

"When a person desires to produce a sound, the vocal cords are drawn close together, leaving but a narrow slit between them. As the lungs force a current of air through this slit, the cords vibrate, changing the current of air into a pulsating sound-wave which is modified by the cavities of the throat, mouth, and nose, and emerges as recognizable speech."

LOSS of the larynx as the result of disease or accident destroys the power of speech, but Dr. Riesz explains that this power can now be restored by providing a new passage for the air stream from lungs to mouth and interposing a vibratory element in it. He says:

"Instead of a pair of vocal cords, the vibrating element in the artificial larynx is a thin metal reed, clamped at one end and free at the other. One of the metal tubes leading from the artificial larynx is connected by means of a rubber tube and coupling pad to the termination of the windpipe on the front of the neck. The user blows air from his lungs through the larynx, setting the metal reed in vibration. This vibration generates a train of sound-waves similar to that generated by the vocal cords of a normal person.

"The fundamental frequency of sound must be about 125 vibrations per second for a man's voice and 250 vibrations per second for a woman's voice. An adjustment is provided for changing the pitch of the larynx so that it can be used by either men or women.

"The sounds of the unvoiced group are produced by blowing air through the larynx in such a manner that the metal reed is not thrown into vibration.

"A breathing hole in the side of the instrument enables the user to inhale air into his lungs. This hole he covers by pressure with his thumb when he wishes to speak.

"By practise, persons can become very proficient at speaking with an artificial larynx, and so be restored to the useful normal activities which attend the power of speech."

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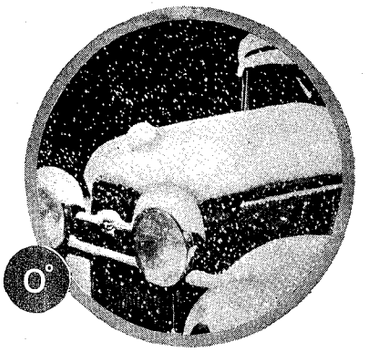
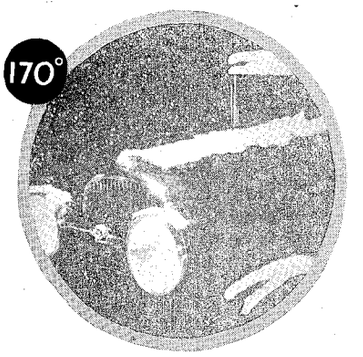


From below freezing to almost boiling in 5 minutes!... That's why only a *"double-range"* winter oil can protect your engine!



FREEZING WEATHER MEANS LUBRICATION DANGER!

Don't risk your engine this winter... change to "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic now!

Wherever winter brings cold, each Fall sees more thousands of motorists who say to their Mobiloil dealer—"Drain the crankcase—refill with Mobiloil Arctic. And while you are at it—flush out the gears, and put in Mobiloil 'CW.'"

Mobiloil Arctic sales have gone steadily up each year. This *double-range* winter oil out-sells every other winter oil—not only in America, but throughout the world.

In cold-weather countries where oils meet their severest test—in Iceland, Finland, Norway and Sweden—you will find Mobiloil Arctic overwhelmingly the most popular winter oil.

Why has such outstanding success come to Mobiloil? Because both Mobiloil Arctic and Mobiloil "CW" render a service that is unique in the whole field of lubrication! Mobiloil Arctic gives your engine easy starting on coldest days. But unlike many of the so-called "winter oils" that may give easy starting, Mobiloil Arctic gives full lubrication at hot running temperatures.

In your gears Mobiloil "CW" gives smooth meshing on coldest days. It does not harden or separate out like ordinary greases. It clings to each gear tooth and cushions it from wear, yet shifts easily.

These unique Mobiloil winter lubricants are *made*, not found. Only the most exhaustive engine study, and the most modern oil-making equipment could have produced them.

If temperatures where you live go below 32° F in winter, go to your Mobiloil dealer today. Let him give your engine and gears the complete protection which only these unique winter lubricants afford.

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We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8.30, E. S. T., from WEAF, and 29 associated stations.

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ARCTIC *for your engine*

"CW" *for your gears*

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Nobel Prize in Medicine for America

A MODEST, RETICENT MAN with a drooping mustache has devoted years of his life to classifying the different types of human blood; and the discoveries he has made have cast new light on the dark problem of man's evolution.

Because of his discoveries, Dr. Karl Landsteiner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research now finds himself standing in the even stronger light of the Nobel Prize award for medicine. The award, recently announced by the Stockholm Faculty of Medicine, and reported by the Associated Press, amounts to about $48,000 this year.

This honor paid to the man who has been called "the greatest living immunologist" brings the Nobel Prize for medicine to America for the second time. Dr. Alexis Carrel was the winner in 1912. This year's honor we must share with Austria, however, for Dr. Landsteiner was born in Vienna in 1868, and has been with the Rockefeller Institute since 1922.

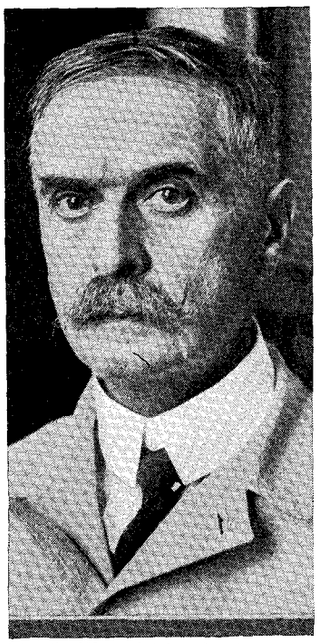
The award to Dr. Landsteiner, says the New York *World*, "is a notable recognition of his personal worth and professional services. It is also an eloquent reminder of the great work the Rockefeller Institute is doing to widen the boundaries of knowledge."

Before he joined the Institute, in 1922, Dr. Landsteiner had been a pathologist at the University of Vienna from 1909 to 1919, says a sketch of his life in the New York *Times*, which continues:

"He is widely known for his contributions on immunology, bacteriology, and pathology.

"The contributions that gained him particular attention were his researches on human-blood groups; the chemistry of antigens, those substances that are able to cause the formation in the system of antibodies antagonistic to other bodies or substances that are injurious to the animal organism; the etiology of poliomyelitis, a study of the causes of paralysis due to the inflammation and atrophy of the gray matter in the spinal column; the etiology of paroxysmal hemoglobinuria [periodic passage of blood], and studies on syphilis.

"In 1925 Dr. Landsteiner and Dr. C. P. Miller of the Rockefeller Institute published a series of articles on 'Serologic Studies on the Blood of Primates,' containing the results of their comparative investigations of the blood of monkeys, apes, and man, which tended to support the contention of zoologists that man is not the descendant of any known species of ape or monkey, but that all three in the dim past originated from a common stock."



International Newsreel photograph

To Make Man Immune

To infectious diseases is the life work of Dr. Karl Landsteiner, the "greatest living immunologist," and this year's winner of the Nobel Prize for medicine.

EXPERIMENTS with the blood corpuscles of man and apes "showed that there was a far closer biochemical relationship between men and apes than between men and monkeys, and a closer relationship than between apes and monkeys," we are told as we read on:

"These studies throw considerable new scientific light on the evolution of man.

"Dr. Landsteiner is known among his fellow-workers as a modest, reticent individual. Dr. Hans Zinsser, of the Harvard Medical School, has spoken of him as 'the greatest living immunologist,' and high praise for his accomplishments has come from other authorities on bacteriology and immunology.

"Dr. Landsteiner was the *first* to infect monkeys with the virus of poliomyelitis, thus putting in the hands of the bacteriologists a means of studying the disease in animals, and experimenting in attempts to immunize humans against it.

"Eventually it led to the discovery that the serum of poliomyelitis convalescents might be used as a protective or checking agency in patients who had the disease in its incipient stages.

"Dr. Landsteiner was born in Vienna, June 14, 1868, son of Leopold and Fanny Hess Landsteiner. He received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Vienna in 1891."

The Nobel Prizes, founded by the will of Alfred Nobel, inventor of dynamite, who died in 1896, will have been granted for thirty years when the 1930 awards in physics, chemistry, literature, and peace service are announced, *The World* reminds us, adding that "the original bequest was of about $9,000,000. In the fields of physics and chemistry, the Americans A. A. Michelson, R. A. Millikan, Arthur Compton, and T. W. Richards have been Nobel Prize winners."

School Children's Eyes

THE YOUNGSTER WHO IS RESTLESS, always looking out of the schoolroom window, and frequently getting into mischief, usually is troubled with some eye handicap, declared Dr. B. Franklin Royer, Medical Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, in a recent address at Grand Rapids, Michigan, before the Michigan Education Association. Upon correction of his visual difficulties, he said, it is generally easy to interest the child in his studies.

Dr. Royer went on, as quoted in a press bulletin issued by the Society (New York):

"The youngster who is inclined to have headaches and digestive disturbances, and who is continually nervous, may be suspected of having too great an eye handicap to overcome without scientific aid.

"In addition to glasses, there are other aids for the school child, such as correct posture while at study, intermittent periods of eye use for near and distant vision, safeguarding of the eye from possible congestion from faulty posture at work or play, maintenance of general nutrition, and a check-up to see that the protective measures instituted at school are appreciated, understood, and obtaining also in the home.

"Fortunately, science has made it possible to correct the two major faults of the eyes—far-sightedness and near-sightedness—with very simple procedures. A convex lens is used to correct far-sightedness, while a concave lens is used for near-sightedness. However, children having astigmatism together with other eye faults are the children most apt to suffer from eye-strain; they are, incidentally, the children least apt to do well in school.

"The near-sighted child, it goes without saying, must always have his vision corrected with lenses. Glasses will not only enable him to see with less strain, but they will also prevent the near-sightedness from becoming worse.

"Teachers are sometimes distrest when near-sighted children, first getting glasses, show a constant desire to remove them in school. The reason is easily explained. The child sees better for close reading with his glasses off than with them on. There is usually no difficulty in getting a near-sighted child to wear glasses for distant vision, altho they may find them troublesome on the athletic field.

"The teacher, however, should have a keen appreciation of why the glasses are worn for close work. The explanation usually given is that the near-sighted child needs to wear his glasses for close work in order to require the inside eye muscles to take such action as may be necessary to bulge the lens a little. It is this to-and-fro muscle action for bulging and then relaxing the lens that gives normal tone to inside eye-structures, an end so highly desirable in preventing progress of the near-sightedness.

"The teacher is the most important individual in the community in the conservation of vision. She appreciates the child's needs; she may very largely determine whether or not those needs can be met. As she comes in contact with the parents of the children, if they need a physician's eye care, her requests usually get justice for the child. As she appreciates the special advantages of adequate light in the school, she will secure it from the school authorities, and she will impress upon parents the necessity of similar lighting adjustment in the home."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

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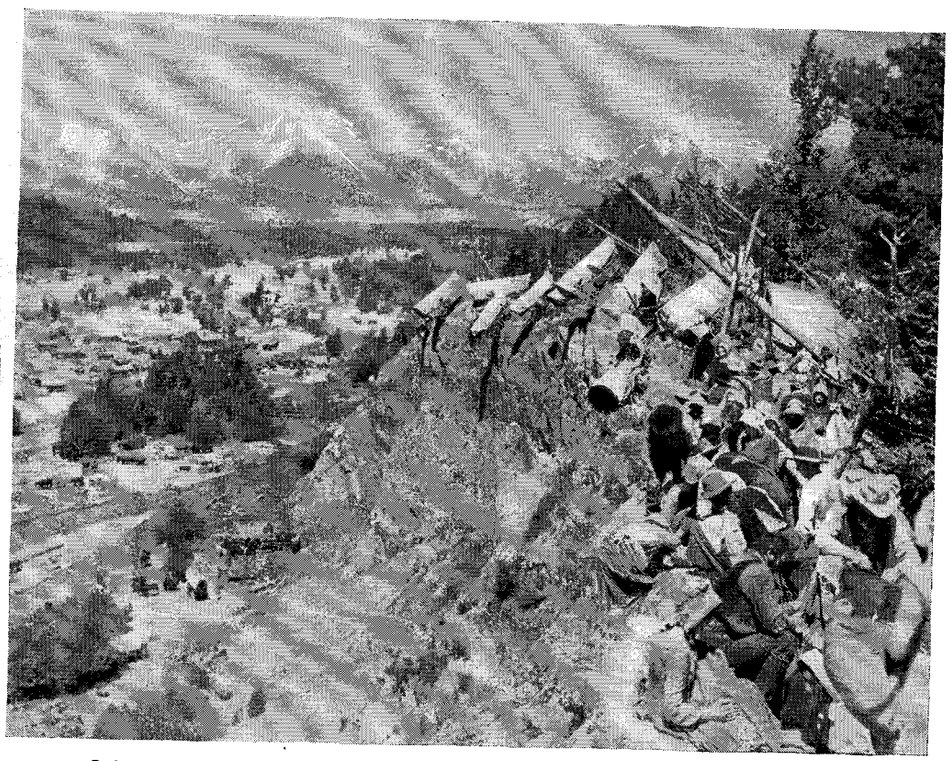
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Warring With Nature on "The Big Trail"

RAGING TORRENTS, PLUNGING OXEN, prairie-schooners swept down-stream with their shrieking passengers, hairbreadth rescues amid horns, hoofs, and whirlpools—such are some of the alarms and excursions of the newest screen reconstruction, on a colossal scale, of the Missouri-California migration.

This time the pictured pioneers have audible voices. Play-goers, dry and comfortable, may hear the suction of wheels in riverside mud, the creak and clank of covered wagons, beat of rain, crash of thunder, bellowing of cattle, barking of dogs, wailing of wagon-born babes, yelps of hostile "Injuns," and the crash of crumpling wagons down yawning precipices.



Schooners Are Wrecked While Snaking Down to the Snake River

Over one 300-foot cliff on the Snake River, Wyoming, 185 wagons used in the making of this picture were lowered with ropes. And we learn without surprize that this was "one of the most dangerous sequences during the filming of 'The Big Trail,' epic production directed for Fox Films by Raoul Walsh."

Mr. Walsh, we are reminded, won his spurs with "What Price Glory?"

That dizzy descent of wabbling wagons and struggling oxen is marked by an "accident" or two, when fluttering prairie-schooners seemingly break loose and plunge slithering, flippety-floppity, to pathetic wreckage far down the face of the escarpment. But "thousands of human beings and animals," we are assured, "were lowered without harm." In fact, audiences all over the country are seeing it done a few times a day, and marveling over the fact that no man's or cow's neck or leg seems to be broken during that desperate stunt.

And Redskins—how they bite the dust, mouthfuls of it, when those yelling heathen plunge to earth with their stricken horses, under a hail of lead from the beleaguered wagon-train!

All of which, and much more, is presented with ample elbow-room, for, as the New York *Evening Post* critic tells us:

> In "The Big Trail," Raoul Walsh's tracery of the historic migration that beat down the frontiers of Missouri and bore them through incredible obstacles to the promised land of California, the scenic panorama is made vastly impressive by the use of the wide-screen effect known as the Grandeur film.
>
> Tho this device has been demonstrated on one or two previous occasions, never before has the subject-matter been so perfectly suited to its panoramic possibilities as is this one, which depicts the heroic struggles of the pioneer settlers in their trail-blazing trek across the prairie and desert and mountains of the West.
>
> From a purely pictorial point of view, Raoul Walsh has achieved a magnificent canvas, splendid in the sheer tumult of massed movement, in its brilliant compositions, in the vividly detailed pictures of long wagon-trains winding through dusty trails, and pushing tortuously through streaming rivers.
>
> In spite of an inevitable repetition in certain of the scenes, there are some splendidly directed and beautifully photographed action-shots, notably when a whooping Indian tribe swoops down on the stockaded wagons, and in the swift rush of a buffalo herd. Nothing that has any essential bearing on the physical duress of the pioneers has been omitted, and it is all pictured with a fine rhythm.

ONCE more, out of the modern West, comes a retelling of the grand old story of pioneer days, exclaims a New York *Sun* writer, continuing:

> Given an able director, plenty of money, and unlimited time, it would seem almost certain that a covered-wagon story would prove one of the year's high spots in movie production.
>
> Raoul Walsh, who has turned out plenty of lusty comedies of "The Cock-Eyed World" type, has turned his talent to a more worthy field. He has realized all the historical values of his subject, without losing sight of its characters.
>
> Hal G. Evarts contributed the story, a rousing enough melodrama of three bad men, a stalwart hero, and a heroine who can't decide whether to accept the worthless gambler or the handsome young scout. It's a plot that lends itself to the long march across the wilderness, with constant rescues of the heroine and warnings to the villains.
>
> Mr. Walsh photographed the entire story, from the assembling of the hundred or two covered wagons down in Missouri to their arrival in the green valley in Oregon. The film, photographed with the new method that gives added depth to both foreground and background, is shown on the enlarged Grandeur screen.
>
> Pictorially the film is among the most beautiful ever presented. The long caravan of covered wagons is photographed under all conditions, wending drearily across the desert, climbing the snowy mountains, moving through the stately setting of the Wyoming countryside. There are scenes of dry devastating heat, of terrifying blizzards, of melancholy rains. The caravan treks on, firm in its purpose.
>
> Indians attack it, howling and savage. There are rivers to cross, almost impassable; cliffs to descend, steep and dangerous; droughts and famines to endure. The caravan moves on.
>
> With its leading rôles ably played by that handsome newcomer, John Wayne, and by Marguerite Churchill, "The Big Trail" has also an excellent supporting cast. El Brendel is entrusted with what little comedy the film provides. Tully Marshall, Tyrone Power, David Rollins, and Frederick Burton have character parts.
>
> The theaters throughout the country have moaned about bad business. Here is a film that will bring back both the children and the grown-ups. "The Big Trail," in these movie-tone

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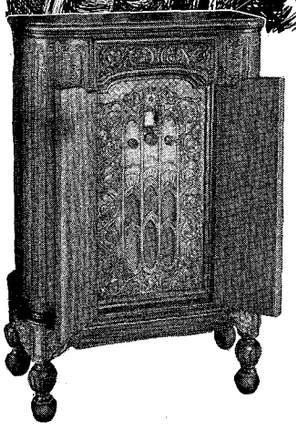
DISTINCTION

Drawn especially for Amrad Radio by John Richard Flanagan



(Left) The AMRAD SONDO Model. A new electric phonograph and radio combination incorporating the latest eight tube AMRAD Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis and the new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker in a cabinet pronounced the most beautiful ever produced. It contains two wells for records. Priced at $240.00, less tubes.

(Right) The AMRAD RONDEAU Model. A magnificent cabinet enlivened with exquisite carved decorations. The set is the latest AMRAD eight tube Screen Grid, Neutrodyne chassis. The new AMRAD Type 249 Dynamic power speaker is incorporated. Automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume. Priced at $150.00, less tubes.

GOBELIN . . . a name that has woven its magic significance into the pattern of centuries, as symbolizing a sublime achievement . . . a better thing than all other craftsmen of the world, however skilled, might hope to produce.

This genius was present in the little family of French dyers that seemed to possess methods and imagination unparalleled heretofore. Two brothers they were . . . Gilles and Jean, of Rheims, and a dyeing establishment was set up in the Faubourg Saint Marcel. Along the measured course of this ancestral line, with Paris whispering of the wizardry of their skill, fame and fortune came . . . and «GOBELIN» was more than a name . . . it was a *tradition.*

Henry IV purchased the property, and tapestry-makers, under his patronage, continued the highly specialized work. It was in 1662 that Louis XIV brought illustrious personages to admire the output of the «Meubles de la Couronne». There could be nothing better than a «Gobelin» . . . and there was no substitute for a «Gobelin».

AMRAD has come to be identified with qualities of supreme perfection in Radio . . . a beautiful, and a scientifically advanced weaver of the tapestry of melody and of the voice of the universe. AMRAD, then, is to radio what Gobelin has always been to tapestry.

AMRAD DIVISION of
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., *Pres.* Home of *«the Nation's Station»*—WLW.
CINCINNATI

AMRAD *Radio*

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Kamerad!

REALLY, a strong pipe is no joke. The next time you attend a Legion or a lodge meeting or a banquet, let the mild fragrance of Sir Walter's favorite smoking mixture precede you and assure a cordial reception. Sir Walter works mild magic with strong pipes—it's uniformly well aged, mellow and biteless and noticeably milder. It burns freely and evenly, and it's cool and sweet down to the last flake in the bowl.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 10) Pipes "go strong" in the shank—not in the stem or bowl. It's the shank that accumulates dead smoke and stale juices. Run a pipe cleaner down the shank, after every few pipefuls, to prevent your pipe from becoming strong and smelly. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky., Dept. 38 (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

...iscovered How ...ood a Pipe Can Be"

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

days, may be compared only to "The Covered Wagon," old silent epic of pioneering days.

THE same point is made by Quinn Martin, who also remarks in *The World* that while Raoul Walsh has abandoned almost entirely his accustomed flair of peppering his play with shocks, "The Big Trail" is charged with a brittle and explosive dramatic style easily identifiable as Walshian. Continuing:

Still, with all this, there is nothing included which, in the society of the most exacting, could be considered in bad taste on any ground.

This, no doubt, was the objective which Winfield Sheehan, vice-president and general manager of Fox Films, who actually planned the production from its beginning, had in mind. A return to the making of pictures which might be acceptable to the very young, the in-betweens and the elders, in Iowa, in Long Island, or in Wyoming. I think he has succeeded. Certainly "The Big Trail," which has received so altogether warm a greeting in New York, is one of the biggest, most colorful, and cleanest picture plays ever conceived.

It deserves the bumper success which seems its destiny.

Its cast is uniformly able. John Wayne, the young hero, makes a definite impression. He is good-looking, he speaks well, and he is not spoiled. For these Western parts he should prove to be a highly pleasing leading man. He is better to-day than any one of his general type appearing in this particular kind of melodrama.

A performance of great beauty and quaintness is given by Tully Marshall as a tough and jovial frontiersman. It is, indeed, among the finest of all the memorable contributions which Mr. Marshall has made to the screen.

Mr. Walsh's recording of the episodes of violence, such as rain and thunderstorm, blizzard, the scaling of perilous cliffs, the conquering of mountain ranges, attacks by Indians, and buffalo stampedes, is admirably managed at every turn. But no more effectively, it may be added, than the subtle and fleeting moment in which he captures the rapid fluttering of a butterfly past his lens.

A NEWCOMER to the films appears in the young leading man, John Wayne, who was discovered by Director Walsh in the useful but obscure job of property man. Mr. Wayne wears his fringed buckskins like a Beau Brummel of the plains, and merges with his steed like a centaur. One feels that the heroine and the whole wagon-train are safe while he is scouting ahead, parleying with friendly "Injuns" and keeping an eye peeled for the bad ones.

As for the once Shakespearian Tyrone Power, his strongly marked features do yeoman's service beneath the villainous whiskers of *Red Flack*, the treacherous wagon boss, and his growls remind more than one critic of the bloodcurdling tones of the pirate *Captain Hook* in "Peter Pan." Ian Keith also receives praise for his portrayal of *Red Flack's* side-kick, *Bill Thorpe*, the shell-game strategist and two-gun artist, who might have stept out of the pages of Bret Harte. And Marguerite Churchill finds many admirers for being an attractive heroine on the big trail without looking as if she had just come from the beauty-parlor.

Hero John Wayne on the Job. But Isn't Tyrone Power the Wicked Old Wagon Boss? Grrrr!

AN Indian attack in force, with warpaint and everything, is singled out for particular attention by Mordaunt Hall in the New York *Times*. Nothing to equal this particular Indian onslaught has ever been filmed, he declares, continuing:

> Scores of mounted redskins are seen on the screen that stretches almost across the Roxy stage. One moment the painted and befeathered warriors are in the distance, then comes a glimpse inside the camp—circled by covered wagons—of the pioneers leveling guns on the wheel-spokes of their peripatetic homes.
>
> The yelling horde of copper-colored men comes nearer and suddenly it seems as tho one were tugged from one's seat and thrown in front of the charging horses, which appear to plunge from the screen and disappear into the velvety darkness of the theater. It is a sequence that will fascinate every small boy in no matter what nook of the world. It has the Indian fights in "Masterman Ready" and several other books lasht to the mast.

Finally, we learn from Rose Pelswick, writing in *The Evening Journal*, that—

> The picture runs two hours, and, for the benefit of the statistically minded, one is indebted to the Fox company for the information that "The Big Trail" was four months in the making; that the location trip covered 4,300 miles in seven States; that it employed an army of 20,000 players besides the ninety-three who have speaking parts; and that the pioneer caravan consisted of 185 prairie-schooners and nearly 8,000 head of cattle.

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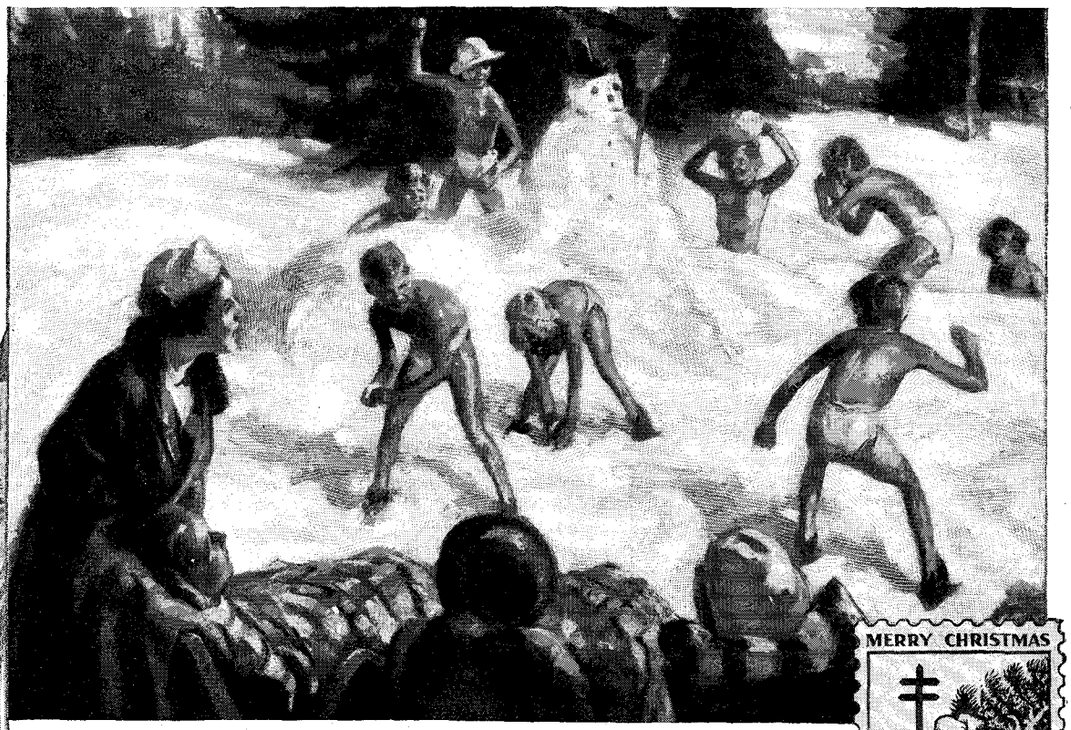
BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, the physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



Heliotherapy (sun-treatment) has long been one of the most effective weapons against tuberculosis. Under a doctor's care, children convalescing from bone-tuberculosis are often sent practically naked into the sun even in midwinter.

Christmas Seals cost one cent each. Buy as many as you can.

Postmaster Holboell's penny dream

One winter twilight in 1903, Einar Holboell, blond young Dane, was sorting stacks of Christmas mail at the post office in Copenhagen.

Outside, on the snow-clad street, a group of happy children scampered homeward joyously clutching their parcel-laden father. Through his icicle-fringed window, Holboell saw the merry party as he toiled over the Yuletide messages of hope and cheer. Then, before his eyes appeared a vision of other children—pallid, wan, joyless—victims of tuberculosis.

Suddenly Holboell's blue eyes lighted—his face brightened. Were not all these Christmas wishes witnesses to man's humanity to man? Could not the warm energy of the Christmas spirit be harnessed to a great movement to aid tuberculosis sufferers?

A winning fight—but not yet won!

Out of his dream came that gay-colored harbinger of health and happiness, the penny Christmas Seal.

The educational campaign made possible from the sale of these penny stamps has helped to cut the mortality from tuberculosis by more than half in the United States during the past 25 years.

Part of the Christmas Seal money also promotes research work. Holboell's dream is an important factor in the relentless siege warfare now being waged against this dread disease under the highly organized leadership of the Research Committee of the National Tuberculosis Association.

Parke, Davis & Company is privileged to aid in this great fight by contributing immense quantities of tubercle bacilli. In the world's largest incubator at the Parke-Davis Research Laboratories in Detroit, you would see thousands of flasks, each harboring billions of bacilli for this great experimental effort.

But, ever in the forefront, carrying the brunt of the battle on his shoulders, stands the medical practitioner — your doctor. White Plague still claims its tens of thousands—many of them *needlessly*. Those who consult their physician in time, find today that *not only can tuberculosis be prevented, but it can be cured!*

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Jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge, and clear the way through your opponent's forces to his goal!

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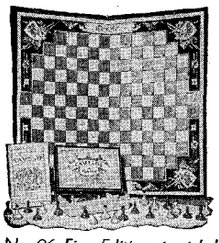
"Camelot is America's contribution to the world's great games."

ELIZABETH CLARK BOYDEN



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How Gandhi Escaped a Mob

"WHAT do you want?" cried the resourceful Police Superintendent.

He had been humoring the crowd, but now that he knew that the right moment had come, he spoke out.

"We want Gandhi!" responded the mob.

"What will you do with him?"

"We'll burn him."

"What harm has he done you?"

"He has blackened our face in India and wants to flood Natal with coolies."

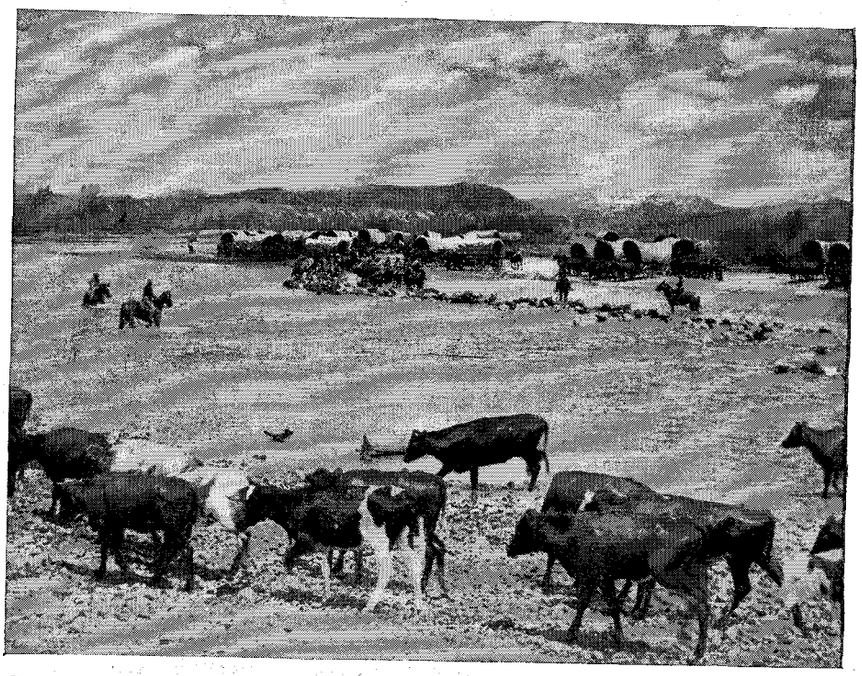
"What if he does not come out?"

"We will then burn his house."

"His wife and children are also there. There are other men and women besides. Would you not be ashamed of burning women and children?"

"The responsibility for that will rest with you. We don't wish to hurt any one else, but we want you to hand over Gandhi."

The experienced, suave Police Superintendent smiled gently, we are told in "Gandhi of India" (Macmillan), an autobiography of the Indian leader, edited by Charles F. Andrews. He told the crowd, on this early January day in 1897, that Gandhi had already escaped in disguise, and was safe. The famous leader, even at that time, during his African period, was accustomed to being a storm center, just as he is now in his native land.



Fording the Snake River Was a Perilous Job (See the Previous Story)

BUT the reason for this threatening mob must be explained. Gandhi had spent some time in South Africa, and upon his return to India had uttered certain criticisms of the European management of affairs there. These criticisms, reported in distorted form in South Africa, inflamed the Europeans there against him, and when it became known that he was returning, efforts were made to prevent his landing in Durban. By one of the authorities Gandhi was advised to stay on his ship until dark, but this he refused to do on the advice of Mr. Laughton, a friend, with whom he left the vessel. Gandhi's narrative runs on:

Mr. Laughton was an old and well-known advocate of Durban with whom I had already come into intimate contact, and I was accustomed to consult him in difficult cases, and often to engage him as my senior. He was a brave and powerfully built man.

Our road lay through the principal street of Durban. It was about half-past four in the evening when we started. The sky was slightly overcast and the sun was not to be seen. It would take a pedestrian at least one hour to reach Parsee Rustomji's house.

The number of persons present about the wharf was not larger than what is to be usually seen there. As soon as we landed, some young lads saw us. As I was the only Indian who wore a turban of a particular type, they at once recognized me, and began to shout, "Here's Gandhi, here's Gandhi! Thrash him! Surround him!" and they came up toward me.

Some began to throw stones. Then a few older Europeans joined the boys, and gradually the party of rioters began to grow. Mr. Laughton thought that there was danger in our going on foot. He therefore beckoned for a rickshaw.

Up to now I had never sat in a rickshaw, as it was thoroughly disgusting to me to sit in a vehicle pulled by human beings. But I then felt that it was my duty to use that vehicle. Five or six times in my life I have experienced that one whom God wishes to save can not fall, even if he will. If I did not fall at that moment, I can not take any credit for it to myself.

These rickshaws are pulled by Zulus. The older Europeans and the young lads threatened the rickshaw puller that if he allowed me to sit in his rickshaw they would beat him and smash his rickshaw to pieces. The rickshaw boy, therefore, said

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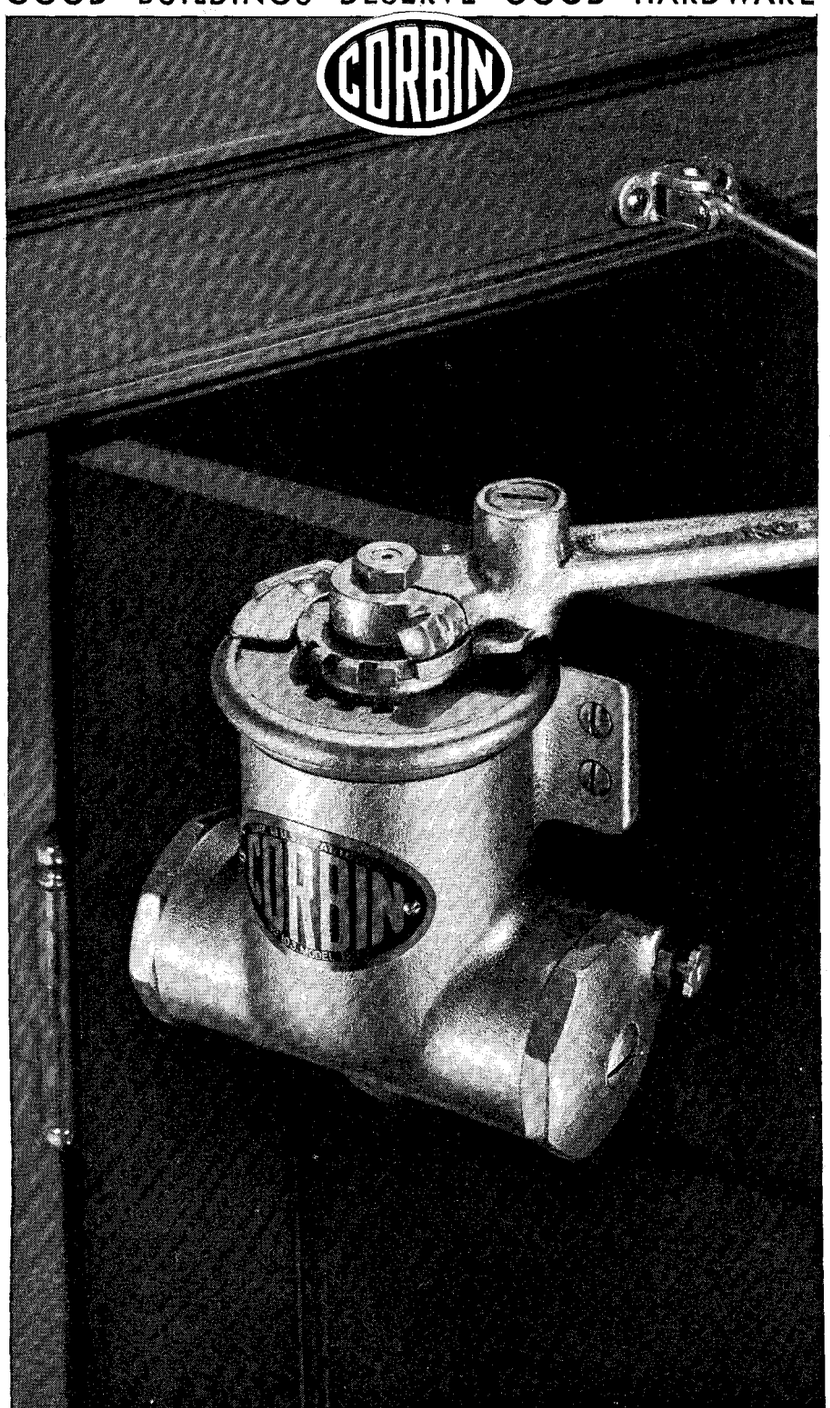
GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE



Corbin Door Checks close doors without slamming— and close them all the way

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"*Kha*" (No), and went away. I was thus spared the shame of a rickshaw ride.

THEY had no alternative now but to proceed to their destination on foot, the mob following them, steadily increasing in size. The gathering was enormous when they reached West Street, Gandhi tells us, continuing:

A man of powerful build caught hold of Mr. Laughton and tore him away from me. He was therefore not in a position to come up with me.

The crowd began to abuse me and showered upon me stones and whatever else they could lay their hands on. They threw down my turban.

Meanwhile, a burly fellow came up to me, slapped me in the face and then kicked me. I was about to fall unconscious, when I held on to the railings of a house near by.

For a while I took breath, and when the fainting was over proceeded on my way. At that time, I had almost given up any hope of reaching home alive. But I remember well that even then my heart did not arraign my assailants.

While I was thus slowly wending my way, the wife of the Superintendent of Police at Durban, Mrs. Alexander, was coming from the opposite direction. We knew each other well.

She was a brave lady. Altho the sky was cloudy and the sun about to set, she opened her sunshade for my protection and began to walk at my side. The Europeans would not insult a lady, especially the wife of the old, popular Superintendent of Police, nor would they hurt her. They must avoid injuring her while aiming blows at me. The injuries, therefore, which I received after she joined me, were not serious.

Meanwhile the Superintendent of Police came to know of the attack upon me and sent a party of constables for my protection. The police surrounded me. The police station was on our way. When we reached there, I saw that the Superintendent of Police was waiting for us. He offered asylum in the police station, but I declined the offer with thanks and said, "I must reach my destination. I have faith in the fair play of the citizens of Durban and in the righteousness of my own cause. I am thankful to you for sending the police party for my protection. Mrs. Alexander, too, has contributed much to my safety."

I reached Rustomji's house without further trouble. It was nearly evening when I reached there. The medical officer of the *Courland*, who was present, began to examine my wounds. There were not many of them. One blind wound in particular was very painful. But I was not yet privileged to rest in peace.

Thousands of Europeans gathered before Rustomji Sheth's house. After nightfall, hooligans also joined the crowd. The crowd sent word to Rustomji Sheth that if he did not hand me over to them, they would burn him and his house along with me. Rustomji Sheth was too good an Indian to be daunted.

When Superintendent Alexander came to know how matters stood, he quietly joined the crowd with a number of detectives. He sent for a bench and stood upon it. Thus under the pretense of talking to the crowd, he took possession of Rustomji's house so that none could break in and enter it. He had already posted detectives at proper places. Immediately

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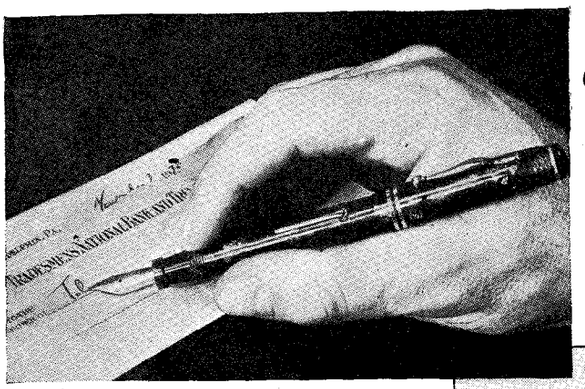
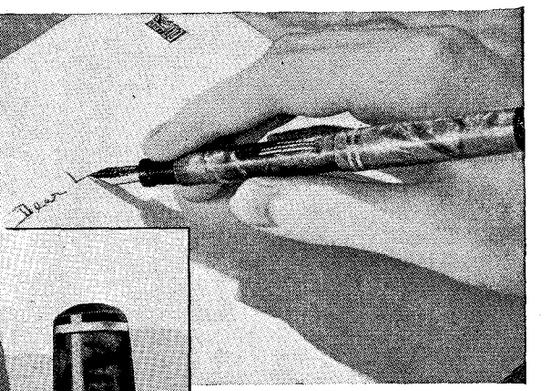
He writes swiftly . .

She writes slowly . .



HOWARD A. LOEB, prominent banker of Philadelphia, writes: "The adoption of an ink of proved permanence should appeal to all business men."



HOSTESSES, INC., New York social secretariat, writes: "Your correspondence gains unmistakably in distinction when you choose a full-bodied, deep-colored ink that flows evenly and writes smoothly."

. . Both write smoothly with this pen and ink that performs precisely at any pace . .

AT the office . . . he dashes off a check, scrawls a hasty memo, signs a mass of correspondence . . .

At home . . . she pens a graceful note, carefully balances the family budget, thoughtfully draws up a shopping list . . .

He writes like lightning — she writes at leisure — but both write well. For both use the pen and ink that writes smoothly *at any speed* . . . Carter's Pen, Carter's Ink.

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Carter's Ryto Ink always flows evenly because half a century of ink making has taught us how to regulate consistency. Flow is free but controlled. No drops or drips, blobs or blots.

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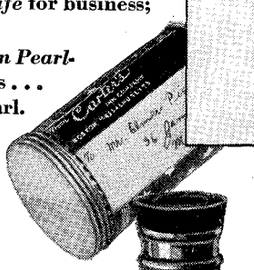
Carter alone styles pens in Pearltex . . . In five smart shades . . . Handsome as mother-of-pearl. Ryto is sold everywhere but the Pearltex Pen is new, so if your dealer is not yet supplied, write The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Massachusetts.



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Enjoy Ryto's velvety flow. Send for sample (writes 40,000 words). Enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover actual cost of postage. The Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

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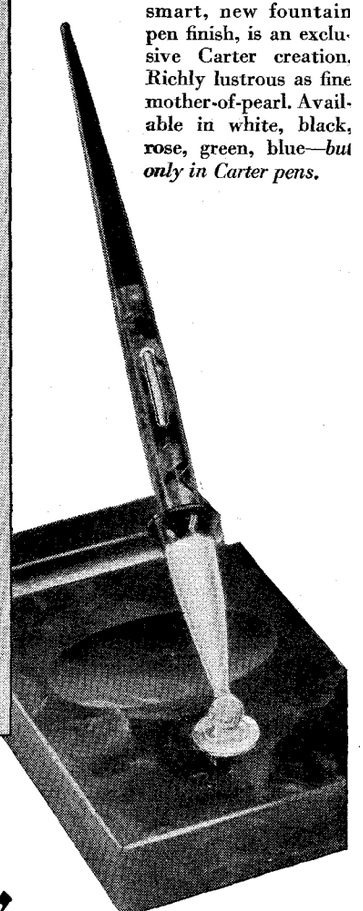

The lustrous black PEARLTEX pen materially enhances the natural beauty of this Carter desk stand in rich, green Argentine onyx.

Carter's

PENS AND INKS

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. . . nor custom stale her infinite variety . . NEW ORLEANS

Age cannot wither New Orleans. Age touches her with a kind hand, mellowing red brick to a deep rose, softening blues and greens to one harmonious shade, touching fantastic iron work to a soft reddish brown. Age is kind to the buildings, relics of the Spanish and French regimes. No longer are they forbidding arsenal, calaboose, or government house. Now the curious tourist enters museum, patio, or shop, unhindered.

Nor does custom stale the infinite variety of New Orleans, for the city is forever changing. One day, a city of tolling church bells and graves decorated in honor of the dead; another, a city of sportsmen, wildly cheering the horses as they come tearing down the track; another, a place of Gargantuan laughter and broad revelry, enjoying the Mardi Gras. And every day New Orleans is a Lucullan paradise for gourmets, for here cooking is still a fine art.

If you are a visitor to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, or if a mid-winter vacationist en route to California, or en route to Texas, New Mexico, or Arizona, take the southern route indicated here, and take advantage of the opportunity to visit this fascinating city of the old and new, the sad and the gay, the serious and the frivolous.

ENLARGED VIEW OF THE GULF COAST

★

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on arrival, he had instructed a subordinate to disguise himself as an Indian trader by putting on Indian dress and painting his face, to see me and to deliver to me the following message:

"If you wish to save your friend, his guests, and property, and your own family, I advise you to disguise yourself as an Indian constable, come out through Rustomji's godown, steal through the crowd with my man and reach the police station. A carriage is awaiting you at the corner of the street. This is the only way in which I can save you and others. The crowd is so excited that I am not in the condition to control it. If you are not prompt in following my directions, I am afraid the crowd will raze Rustomji's house to the ground and it is impossible for me to imagine how many lives will be lost and how much property destroyed."

I gaged the situation at once and soon disguised myself as a constable and left Rustomji's house. The police officer and I reached the police station in safety. In the meantime Mr. Alexander was humoring the crowd.

THEN, as we have already seen, when he knew that Gandhi had had time to reach safety, Mr. Alexander told the mob that its intended victim was safely away. At first the hostile men would not believe him, and shouted, "It's a lie! It's a lie!" To this Mr. Alexander replied:

"If you will not believe your old Superintendent of Police, please appoint a committee of three or four men among you. Let others promise that they will not enter the house, and that if the committee fail to find Gandhi in the house, you will peacefully return to your homes. You got excited to-day, and did not obey the police. That reflects discredit on you, not on the police. The police therefore played a trick with you; it removed your prey from your midst, and you have lost the game. You will certainly not blame the police for this. The police, whom you appointed, have simply done their duty."

The Superintendent addrest the crowd with such suavity and determination, that they gave him the promise he asked for. A committee was appointed. It searched Rustomji's house through and through, and reported to the crowd that the Superintendent was right and had beaten them in the game. The crowd was disappointed, but they kept their word and dispersed without committing any mischief.

Not only did Gandhi escape injury on this occasion, but he also won a certain measure of vindication, for we read on:

The same morning, the reporter of a Durban newspaper had seen me on the steamer. He had asked me everything. It was quite easy to dispose of the charges against me to his satisfaction. I showed to him in detail that I had not indulged in the least exaggeration. What I had done was only my duty. If I had failed to discharge it, I would be unworthy of the name of man.

All this appeared in the newspapers the next day. Sensible people among the Europeans admitted their mistake. The newspapers exprest their sympathy with the standpoint of the Europeans in Natal, but at the same time fully defended my action. This enhanced my reputation as well as the prestige of the Indian community.

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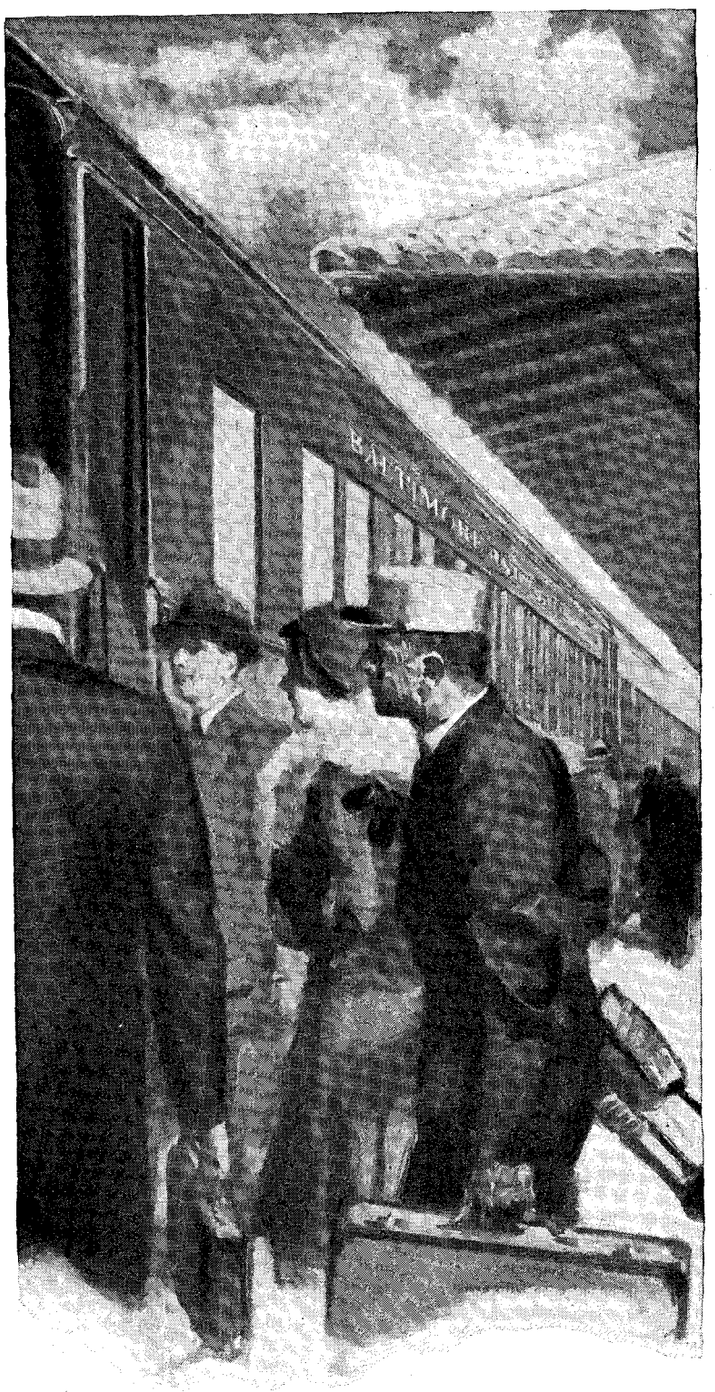
Many people *feel that they personally* have discovered the B&O



THERE are people who seem to have a flair for discovery.

They know the hotels where rooms seem more homelike, the linen cleaner, the beds softer, the staff more genuinely willing to help. They can guide you to delightful and unsuspected places to eat. They hunt out the better stores, the bargains in quaint little shops.

Many of these people feel that they personally have discovered the B & O.

They are right. The B & O is an old railroad, perhaps the oldest of all. But in the past few years we have made it a new railroad.

New in equipment—more than four hundred millions of dollars have been spent for a smooth, firm roadbed, for powerful engines and fine cars.

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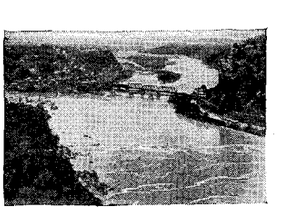
They talk about the good cooking in the attractive Colonial dining cars. They say that B & O folks seem to take a real pleasure in doing the little extra things that make traveling a comfort and a joy.

These "discoverers" have done a lot for the B & O. We invite you to become one of them, and we promise to do all we can to show our appreciation.



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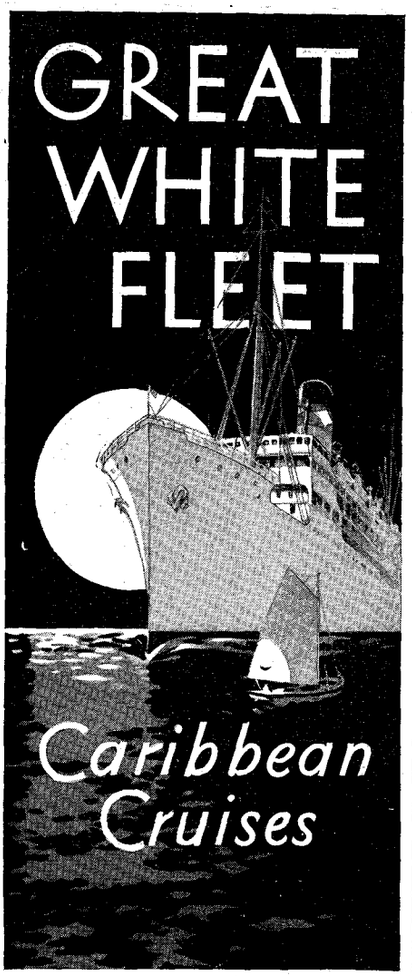

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When the Birdmen Came to Earth

LITTLE Jerry Flynn, pet of the squadron, set out one afternoon with his comrades for a soft assignment. Soft, that is, for Air Corps men on the Western front during the World War.

It was too soft, however, for the devil-may-care crew in their planes forgot to pay attention to the course of events, and they paid for this lapse when, suddenly, three miles from their base, "a dozen Fokkers appeared from nowhere. Jerry never saw them. Before the rest could come to the rescue, he was tumbling down in flames."

He was an ace at eighteen, a Canadian kid without a sign of a whisker, who had become a captain in the Air Corps, a flight commander, and a veteran, before he came of age, before his head was much more than visible above the cockpit. But his exploits in the war have been the talk of his comrades ever since.

They didn't merely like him; they loved him, Capt. Bogart Rogers tells us in *Popular Aviation* in the course of a description of the life of military flyers in war time.

It was at dinner on the day of Jerry Flynn's death that his whole outfit blew up "like a toy balloon," Captain Rogers tells us, continuing:

A kid named John Trusler grabbed his champagne glass, hurled it the length of the mess, leaped to his feet and started a vivid impersonation of a lunatic passing his entrance exams for Matteawan.

He swore and curst and cried.

He curst God and the Germans.

He curst the war and the Army.

He curst his parents because he was born.

He told little Jerry Flynn—who he knew was in the room listening to him, who was sitting right there in that chair!—that he didn't have to worry. They couldn't kill him and get away with it.

He curst far more capably and colorfully than a lad of his years had any right to do. They tried to stop him, and finally pulled him down in his chair. He hid his head in his hands and sobbed horribly. Half of the fellows were bawling. The rest were trying to quiet things down, but feeling no better than the weepers.

Finally it subsided. The orderlies brought more wine, and the original objective of finding solace in alcoholic oblivion was successfully attained.

The next morning the hard-boiled masks were up again. They had to be, of course. They all told each other it was just another binge. They kidded Trusler for getting on a crying jag.

It was a tough break, they said, and the place wouldn't be the same without little "Gee Whiz"—but, after all, "*C'est la guerre*," and he had nobody but himself to blame. Why in hell didn't he watch his tail? Any guy who let himself be caught napping couldn't get sore if they shot him down!

Green had apparently regained his bravado with the rest. He went on an early-morning patrol and evened things up for Jerry by knocking a Hun down in flames.

But later in the morning he collapsed—suddenly, unexpectedly and completely. His nerves snapt with the twang of a

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Thousands have found the voyage to or from California via *Panama Pacific Line* a thrilling experience. To sail the Atlantic and Pacific, cruise the blue Caribbean, pass through the Panama Canal! To sightsee in gay Havana, the Canal Zone, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco! To revel in the delightful shipboard life on the 33,000 ton electric liner, as it steams the 5,500 miles from Coast to Coast in 13 days! You, too, will thank your stars you went the *Panama Pacific* way! Ask also about special Water-and-Rail Round Trips—Around and Across America.

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broken flying wire, and they sent him home for a long rest.

THE psychology of war aviators was "so complex and involved that it's hard to know where to begin to explain it," Captain Rogers concedes.

There was, for instance, "the odd fact that wounded pilots always tried to get back to their home fields, even tho consciousness, or perhaps life itself, was slowly slipping from their grasp." Here is an example of this mania:

Bob Graham was just a pilot in a British fighting squadron. He went out ground-strafing one morning during a furious German attack, a nasty job that carried him through a hell-hail of gunfire. When he returned to his squadron field, he taxied up to the hangars, swung his plane into line and switched off his motor.

"Hey, Pete," he called to one of his mechanics. "Come out here and give me a lift—and see if you can find the medical orderly. I seem to have lost part of a leg."

They lifted him from the cockpit, peeled off his flying togs and several pairs of woollen socks, and found two very mean shrapnel wounds. The major arrived, took one look and told the medical orderly to rush young Mr. Graham to the nearest hospital for repairs.

"Only," said Graham, "I'll just stop and pack my baggage and take it along with me."

"Never mind your baggage," said the major. "I'll send it along this afternoon."

"Listen, major," Graham replied, "if I was wounded in seventeen places and about to die—which I'm not—I wouldn't move an inch away from here without my baggage. I hate to seem stubborn, but no baggage, no hospital."

I saw him two months later and kidded him about his baggage. I said it seemed funny under the circumstances.

"Funny, my eye!" he said. "I had a razor in there I've had since I started shaving. Somebody would have pinched it."

THERE was "no place in the air service for grand-standers. Heroics and theatricals were apt to get what is vulgarly known as the raspberry." And for this reason:

There was no audience at all—just the players in the game—and they were excited and brutal critics.

A lot of aviators received, for one reason and another, far more praise and glory than their deeds deserved—received it from the outside, but not from the fellows they worked with and fought with, and who knew to a split hair just how good they were and how much they had accomplished. Inversely, some of the greatest fighters in the service were almost unknown outside of it.

The ability to laugh at danger and death helped more than one flyer through the conflict. As the story runs on:

Maj. Douglas Hill commanded a bombing squadron. Seven Fokkers chased him back from a raid one afternoon, and shot his machine to ribbons. His observer, sitting directly behind him, was riddled with bullets. Hill headed for the first aerodrome he could find—his companion might still be worth salvaging. A lot of

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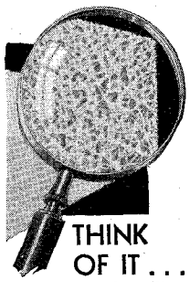
3,000,000 WOOD-LOCKED AIR CELLS TO THE SQ. FOOT



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AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

his good friends occupied the field where he landed.

When his plane touched the ground, it literally fell apart. The tail surfaces parted company with the fuselage, both tires were flat, and one wing drooped alarmingly. He taxied to the hangars, dragging the wreckage behind him.

They pulled the observer out, hit in seven places, but still very much alive, rushed him off to hospital, and then turned their attention to Hill. They looked at his plane, shattered by a hundred bullets.

They looked at him, white as a ghost and with eyes sticking out on straws, and burst into uncontrollable laughter. He stuttered when he tried to tell them what happened, and they roared till the tears came. The more he stuttered the more they laughed.

Every detail of the harrowing battle, the battle that had nearly been his last, brought new explosions of mirth. The idea of Douglas Hill fleeing for his life from seven deadly Fokkers, his observer unable to protect him, clouds of smoking bullets whizzing by his head, scared pink and positive he would never get home alive, was side-splittingly funny.

AND then there was the doctrine of fatalism, which Captain Rogers estimates thus:

It was the only doctrine that would hold water. You simply decided your destiny was predetermined and inevitable, and ceased worrying about what might happen to you.

Howard Knotts, who flew in an American squadron attached to the British, is only one of thousands of cases in point. He was being run ragged by a Hun who sat on his tail and wouldn't get off. With his head turned, Knotts was watching his adversary every instant, trying to outmaneuver him or escape.

A flurry of bullets passed his face—one of them hit him on the bridge of the nose, so lightly it scarcely broke the skin. Somebody chased the Hun away—or Knotts finished him, I don't remember which—and he came home and repaired the damage with a piece of courtplaster.

Figure it out for yourself.

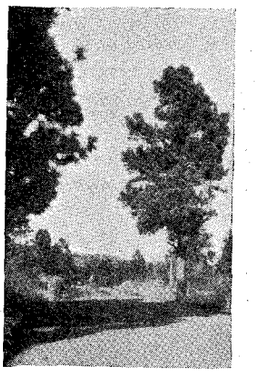
The bullet was traveling some 2,500 feet a second. Knotts was moving at the rate of 100 miles an hour, 147 feet a second. If the bullet had hit three inches farther back—*aloha!* Figuring the speed of the plane alone, the old man with the scythe missed him by one six-hundreths of a second.

A lot of flyers could think fast and act in split seconds, but none of them kidded himself he could outsmart a second split as finely as that.

Maj. Bill Barker emerged from one of the wildest aerial battles of the war as full of holes as a Swiss cheese, but alive. Richthofen was killed by a single bullet, a chance shot fired wildly and at long range, that found his brain. They couldn't kill the great Major McCudden in the air, but he killed himself in an accident. Bill Pace, who led two daring daylight bomb raids to Cologne, and who claimed he had been attacked at one time or another by every Fokker ever built, lost his life in a silly automobile accident. Mick Mannock, the idol of the British service, was invincible in the air, but they got him with a lucky shot from the ground.

Those who believed their time would come when it came were light worriers.

Last December there was not a single day on which this sunshine road picture—taken on the 15th—could not have been duplicated.



27 *Sunshiny Days* in each *Winter Month*

How Many Days Do YOU Enjoy Sunshine in Winter?

Unless you have seen them, and enjoyed them here, it may be hard to believe that 27 days of each winter month have sunshine in the Pikes Peak Region—17 of them entirely cloudless. That's shown by records for over thirty years.

Even the few cloudy days are not dark because there's no fog or mist in this dry atmosphere.

On 16 consecutive days last December the temperature reached an average above 56 degrees F. by standard recording equipment. In the sun it was much higher. The month's total precipitation was only .2 of an inch. With such light winter precipitation you can understand why "spring thaws" here are unknown.

It's a new and wonderful experience to visit here and enjoy a vacation in winter—to stop over a few days on transcontinental trips—where there's Sunshine, Health, Comfort every month in region famed for its scenic beauty.

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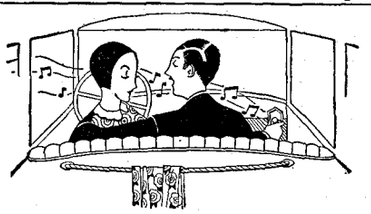

When you want to tell her ALL and words just fail to come! *start the Crosley* ROAMIO

She wants you to say it—she's waiting. Deep down in your heart you know what you want to tell her. But somehow the words seem to stick in your throat. Don't disappoint her—reach out and start the CROSLEY ROAMIO Automobile Radio Receiving Set. Soft, low, crooning melodies—soul-inspiring love-lyrics—the latest song hits full of tender meaning wafted over the ether saying exactly what you had in mind. She'll understand. And—Oh Boy! you'll be so glad your car is equipped with a CROSLEY ROAMIO.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO is extremely selective and sensitive. You'll easily get your favorite programs. The automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume, even on distant stations. You lock the CROSLEY ROAMIO just as you do your automobile. It uses Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, and employs the latest type Crosley dynamic-power speaker.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO can quickly and easily be installed in your car no matter what its make. It fits snugly and conveniently under the dash, entirely out of the way. It will give you hours of satisfying pleasure and delightful relaxation. Consider too, that the price of this marvelous set is amazingly low. Go to your nearest Crosley dealer today—see the CROSLEY ROAMIO—hear it—drive with it. Or write for circular and name of nearest Crosley distributor who will arrange for installation. The CROSLEY ROAMIO is recommended for use in motor boats and cruisers.

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Helium—the Cosmic Gas

DISCOVERED in the sun by the spectroscope, before man had seen or handled it; regarded for years as a mere laboratory curiosity, after it had been found on earth; helium is now in full-fledged activity as a necessity of industry.

That the United States has a helium monopoly was pointed out at the time of the *R-101* disaster. The British dirigible would not have exploded and burned, it was thought, had non-inflammable helium supplied its buoyancy instead of inflammable hydrogen.

Alphonse Berget recounts its remarkable history in *Candide* (Paris), thus:

In 1868 there was a total eclipse of the sun. The French astronomer Janssen, examining a photograph of the spectrum of the solar corona, found a new spectral line, indicating the presence of a hitherto unknown element. He gave to this substance the name "helium" (sun-substance).

Years passed. About 1882, some American scientists discovered that the mineral cleveite, from Greenland, gave off, when heated, what appeared to be nitrogen. English scientists found that this gas had in its spectrum a yellow ray corresponding exactly with that of Janssen's helium.

Helium was thus no longer a monopoly of the sun. Once discovered on the earth, it appeared everywhere—in rocks, in hot springs, and even in the air, in infinitesimal quantities.

This helium is a remarkable gas. Together with hydrogen it is the basis of what has been called the "integration of matter." The nebulæ of space are made of atoms of helium, hydrogen and a gas yet unknown on earth, called "nebulium." It is seven times lighter than air and only twice as heavy as hydrogen. Its liquefaction point is very close to the absolute zero.

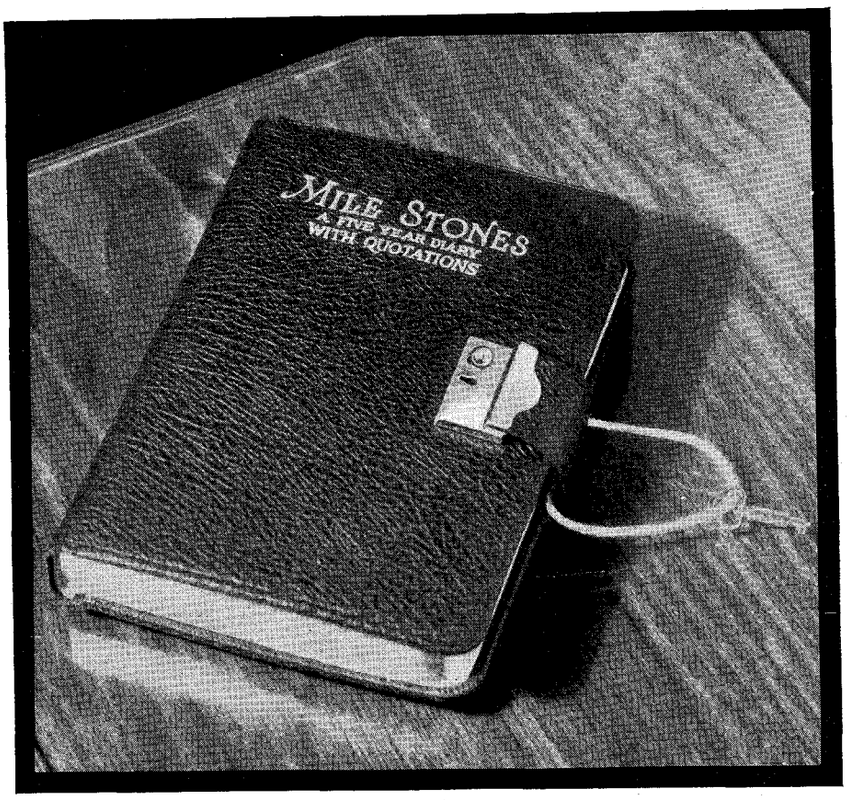
When radium spontaneously decomposes, it gives off three kinds of rays, of which the first, or "alpha rays," are atoms of helium. It is thus an important term in the atomic disaggregation of matter, as it is in its integration. When we find hydrogen and helium in a nebula, we are observing a world in formation, and these two essential elements, under the action of unimaginable temperatures and pressures, will give birth to all the atoms of the known chemical elements.

Helium, for thirty years a scientific rarity, is to-day an industrial substance. It has been found in natural gas, and by liquefying this, the Americans prepare it in sufficient quantities to inflate their giant dirigibles, because of its uninflammability.

Helium has another application—in "artificial air." Air is composed, roughly speaking, of one-fifth active oxygen and four-fifths inert nitrogen. Workmen who labor in caissons of comprest air breathe it at high pressure. When they return to the open air, they have trouble, owing to the fact that the comprest air, dissolved in the blood, forms bubbles when released, and may obstruct the circulation. The troublesome constituent is the nitrogen. Now by replacing this with the less soluble helium, the danger is averted in great measure.

Not only is helium very slightly soluble in water, but also in melted metal; it is therefore utilized in retreating certain metals or alloys, in place of nitrogen or hydrogen. Its conductivity for heat is six times that of air; it is therefore used as a residual gas in incandescent bulbs.

"MILE STONES"
for remembrance



MEMORIES are fickle things at best, so why trust to them when with a Standard Diary and a pen or pencil you can jot down, day by day, the record of those happenings you may wish to recall in later years?

Christmas is not far away. You can make some dear one happy by selecting one of the de luxe Standard Diaries as your gift. For instance, "Mile Stones"—an exquisite five-year diary bound in beautiful colored leather and secured by a golden lock and key as a safeguard against inquisitive eyes. Mother, wife, sister, daughter, friend—any woman will be entranced with such a charming diary as the one illustrated, priced at $2.50.

Instead of the inevitable neckties, handkerchiefs, socks and cigars *he* would much prefer a Standard Diary in vest-pocket size. There are many styles at varying prices. He will find such a diary most useful to note addresses, phone numbers, important engagements and data which a busy man always finds it difficult to remember.

Standard Diaries offer a choice for every name on your Christmas list. Our illustrated booklet, sent on request, describes the full assortment. If your local stationer cannot supply you with the "Mile Stones" pictured above, send us the coupon below, together with $2.50, and we will see that you are supplied.

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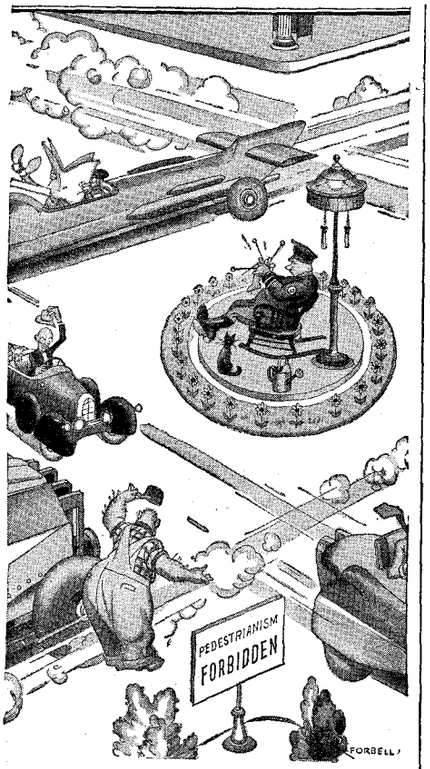

UNTIL THE MILLENNIUM

SOME day traffic officers will have nothing more to mind than their own knitting. Some day the flaws in human nature will vanish as the morning dew before the rising sun. Some day, but . . . *until the millennium*—Ætna-ize!

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

The Public Utilities' Quest for Beauty

WHAT price beauty?

More and more the question is being studied by our public-utility corporations. And they are finding, we are told, that beauty has a definite dollar-and-cents value to them through the fostering of public good-will.

"A railway station, a power-house, a gas-tank, a telegraph-pole, are all outward, tangible symbols of utility service," observes *The Public Utilities Fortnightly* (Washington, D. C.). "Whether they are pleasing to the eye in location, setting and design, or whether they are structural atrocities that are set up haphazardly for utilitarian purposes only, without regard to local sentiment, is a question that is now being given more and more consideration by the foresighted utility corporation that realizes the force of public opinion."

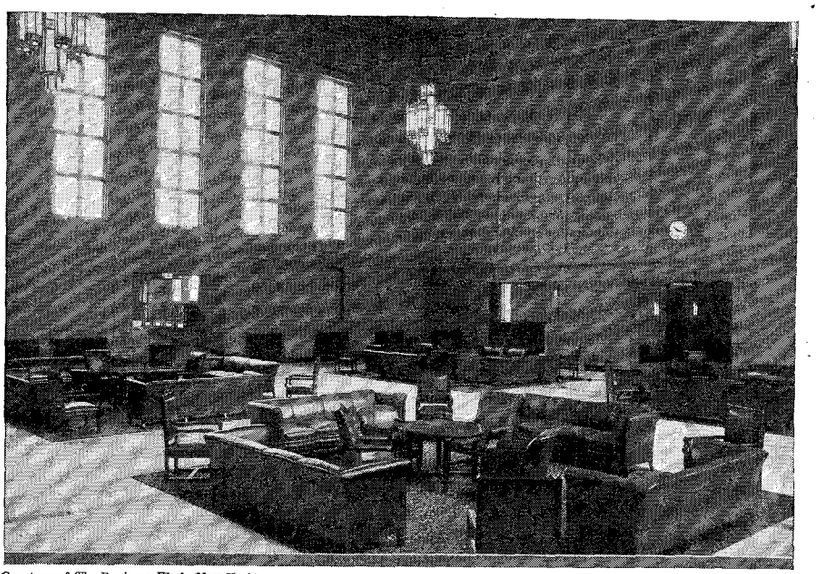
In the same magazine we find an interesting discussion of this growing quest for beauty in an article by Earnest Elmo Calkins—"The Commercial Value of Art to the Public Utility." Mr. Calkins, who is a prolific writer as well as a leader in the advertising business, begins like this:

> Last May a quarter of a million tulips, all raised on the grounds of various railway stations along the line, were distributed to passengers on the Burlington route.
>
> At a convention of the independent Telephone Association in Chicago it was seriously suggested that telephone-poles be painted to blend with the surrounding landscape.
>
> The new gas-tank of the People's Gas Light and Coke Company, also of Chicago, is a 28-sided polygon, instead of a cylindrical drum, finished with cornices supporting light towers, and painted sage green with alternate bands of orange and black at the top, with the double purpose of improving its appearance and affording a landmark for airplanes.
>
> These bits of news, all culled from the papers within a month or two, suggest an inquiry as to what public-service corporations are doing for the beauty of the country. There are signs of an awakened consciousness which is at least no more belated than the tardy appreciation of beauty by the public itself.

MUCH constructive thought has been given to this problem by the Bell telephone system, and Mr. Calkins says "it is gratifying to know that 65 per cent. of the telephone-wires are now underground, and that it is entirely possible they may disappear altogether."

"One encouraging phase of the telephone policy," continues Mr. Calkins, "is its attitude toward trees." Where telephone-wires are run, branches must be trimmed or current will leak and service be impaired. The Bell system consults leading tree surgeons "to achieve both ends, clearance for wires, and preservation of the natural habit of the tree." This corporation went to "heroic lengths" to avoid disturbing the beauty of a tree-lined street in a suburb of Columbus, Ohio, by carefully tunneling between the roots. Reading on:

> The cost of putting wires underground is nearly three times that of stringing them along the road, but there are economic advantages as well as esthetic, and as the service extends, the tendency will be to seek the greater protection that subterranean conduits give to the outside plant.
>
> As far as possible poles are kept off scenic highways, and in built-up districts are carried behind buildings instead of in front of them.



Courtesy of *The Business Week* (New York)

New Luxury for Railroad Passengers

The attractive main waiting-room in the Burlington's new Omaha station, where uncomfortable benches give way to easychairs and lounges.

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"It can be safely assumed," Mr. Calkins tells us, "that the telephone company is in the lead among public utilities in attacking this problem. The physical obstacles are enormous, but some of our great corporations have learned that beauty has economic value, and public good-will is earned as surely by consideration of esthetic needs as by perfect material service." Among these corporations are certain railroads. Mr. Calkins tells us about one of the New York Central's "most intelligent contributions to public beauty." Instead of erecting the typical, ugly railroad bridge in the Bronx Parkway, New York City, it made a new design to harmonize with other bridges in the Parkway.

Some railroads, too, are seeking to improve their rights of way, stations, and trains. Considerable planting beside the roadbed has been done, altho this, we read, represents but a small fraction of the total railroad trackage. The improvement in stations is more apparent, Mr. Calkins finds, but "the roads have been more successful in their small-town stations than in their metropolitan terminals. Little imagination has been shown in some of the most ornate.

One interesting development is the decoration of trains and engines—

There are a number of color trains, refreshing contrasts to the older type of a dirty green, such as *The Senator* of the New Haven road and *The Blue Comet* of the New Jersey Central. The Alton, the Wabash, the Chicago-Great Western, and the Milwaukee all have distinctive color for their passenger-trains.

Some roads, the Boston and Maine, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Southern among them, are experimenting with color and gold on locomotives.

Another development promises to make trains more attractive—the use of paintings. "The New Haven road," we read, "has commissioned Patterson, Benson, Grant, and others to paint pictures of famous American ships, *Lightning*, *Flying Cloud*, etc., to be hung in the coaches of its new fast train between Boston and New York, *The Yankee Clipper*."

Turning from the railroads, Mr. Calkins finds that the beautifying of the city gas-tank is a real problem, since it "has been a synonym for utilitarian ugliness since the first one was erected." However, even here, there is hope for improvement, for one gas company has had considerable success in camouflaging the tanks.

Taking a general view of the problem, Mr. Calkins concludes:

Law, as usual, lags behind public opinion. Certainly we now know that scenic beauty is a public necessity, and we are finding out that beauty in all our industrial aspects has a value that can be measured by the sordid standards of the balance sheet. Public opinion must be organized behind legislatures and commissions to secure laws covering our new appreciation of one of our greatest assets, looking toward conserving and enhancing it.

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EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 3, 1930

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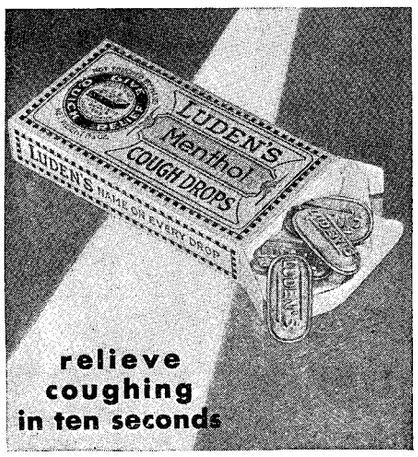

Department Stores Branching into the Suburbs

TRAFFIC congestion and parking difficulties have been diverting business from the "down-town" shops of our big cities and neighborhood stores. So the department stores are being forced to meet the situation, we read in *The Business Week* (New York), by opening branch stores in outlying districts.

This development has been especially marked in Chicago and New York, altho it is spreading rapidly to other large cities, including Philadelphia, where four important stores have suburban branches—St. Louis, Cleveland, and Detroit. As *The Business Week* explains:

In most instances, no attempt is made to make suburban branches a small but complete edition of the big store.

But the stocks commonly carried at branches include excellent assortments of a wide range of lines, selected to cover the particular demands of the territory as revealed through a study of sales records and charge accounts.

Personnel is selected to suit the needs of the neighborhood, routine procedures and type of service to customers being identical with those maintained at the main establishment.

Contrary to expectation, branch stores have not perceptibly reduced sales volume of the parent house; have proved self-sustaining from the start; in many instances contribute satisfactorily to the net profits.

The Chicago development is noted:

Marshall Field and Company, Chicago, first experimented with a branch opened at Lake Forest, in 1928; found performance satisfactory; since then has opened five-story branch stores at Evanston and Oak Park, both suburbs; reports these branches necessary to convenience of customers.

The Fair, Chicago, established one branch within the city limits, on Milwaukee Avenue, shopping district of Chicago's west side, through purchase of E. Iverson and Company, in 1928; subsequently extended operation to Oak Park, where the business of The Nicholas Company was acquired, in 1929.

BUT it is in New York City, so it seems to this writer, that the branch-store plan may eventually reach its highest point of development:

James A. Hearn and Son, 102-year-old department store, on Fourteenth Street, New York, has just opened a complete branch in Stamford, Connecticut, carrying a full line of merchandise, expects to extend all benefits of main-store buying to the new branch, but will develop it as a community enterprise, serving like a small-town merchant.

B. Altman and Company recently opened a branch at White Plains for serving the Westchester County customers of the store, and has just announced purchase of a large plot of ground in the highly developed Harrison Street apartment-house district of East Orange, where another branch store is to be erected at once.

Saks Fifth Avenue has developed branch-store service, not as competitors to neighborhood stores in highly developed suburban residential districts, but rather as a

Never mind Le Page's Glue will mend it

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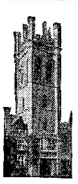

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means to supply the wants of its regular clientele while vacationing at Atlantic City, Miami, Palm Beach.

Similarly, Bonwit Teller and Company maintains resort shops at Bar Harbor, Maine, and Southampton, Long Island.

Best and Company appear to follow a definite and comprehensive plan for branch-store development, having selected locations for permanent as well as resort service, two of the former at Garden City, Long Island, and Mamaroneck, New York. A third community branch is now being built at East Orange, New Jersey; it is said that other locations are under consideration. Resort shops are at Asbury Park, New Jersey; Southampton, Long Island; Palm Beach, Florida.

Going Back to Hand Work

SHOULD we deliberately abandon our labor-saving devices and revert to the painfully slow methods of yesterday in order to provide jobs for our unemployed?

The question comes up in connection with a dispatch from Minneapolis that a program of winter work is being developed there that will substitute pick-and-shovel brigades for machines.

"Without doubt, a good deal of work can be manufactured by substituting primitive manual methods for more efficient machine-processes," remarks the New York *Journal of Commerce*. Indeed, "by some systematic elimination of our modern labor-saving devices," it goes on, we could "speedily reduce any modern industrialized community to a condition which would require the full-time effort of every able-bodied person to prevent wholesale starvation and death from exposure." Then—

It is, nevertheless, open to doubt whether we ought to encourage these reversionary tendencies.

Every winter the residents of New York City, for instance, may witness diverting spectacles after severe snow-storms, when small armies of languid and inexpert shovelers, wielding spades, interfere with pedestrian and vehicular traffic without making perceptible impression upon the mounds and ridges that they are facing.

It is doubtful whether work performed for public edification in such fashion ought to be encouraged.

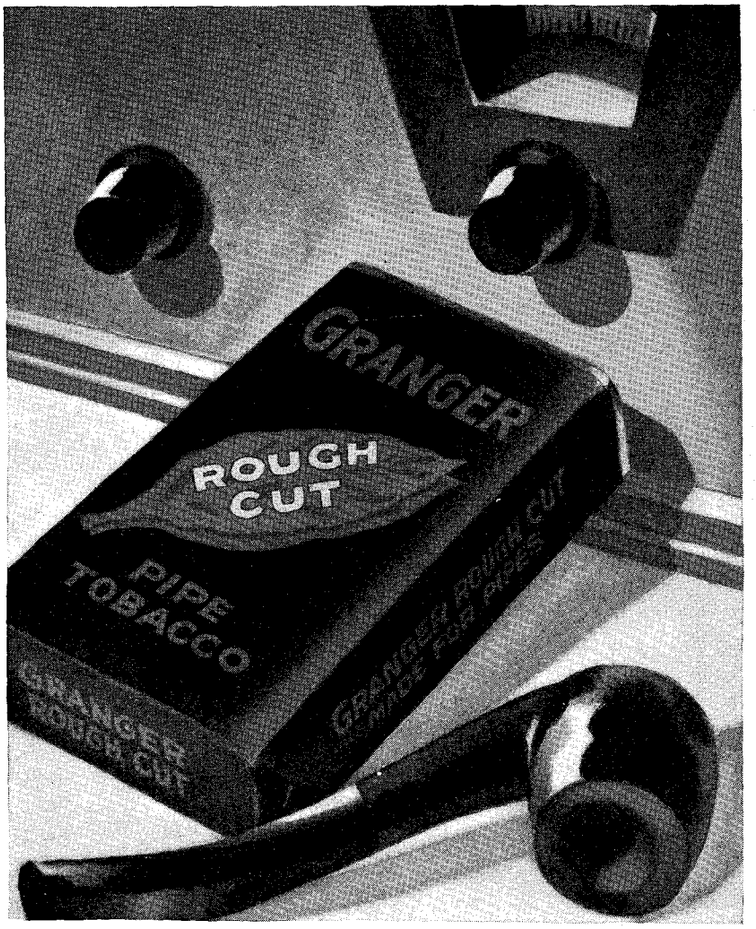
It has little, if any, disciplinary value, so far as the principals are concerned, and if bad example is contagious, the spectacles of general futility and inefficiency presented to the youthful passers-by are positively demoralizing.

Surely those charged with the responsibility for finding emergency work for the idle might apply their inventive genius to some purpose by devising employment that is not only suited to the individuals concerned, but suited to the age in which we live.

The unfortunates who are unable to fit into any such scheme might as well be recognized as unemployable, and supported out of the public funds without unnecessary ado.

Presence of Mind.—GENIUS—"But, you have hung my 'Sunset' upside down."

DEALER—"That is soon remedied, we'll call it 'Sunrise.'"—*Passing Show.*



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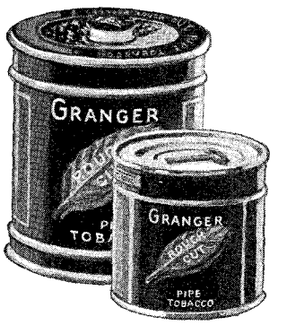

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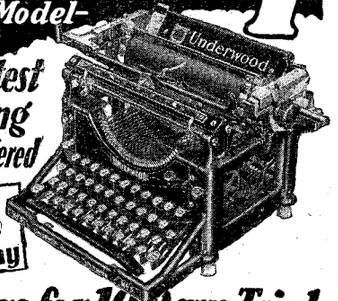

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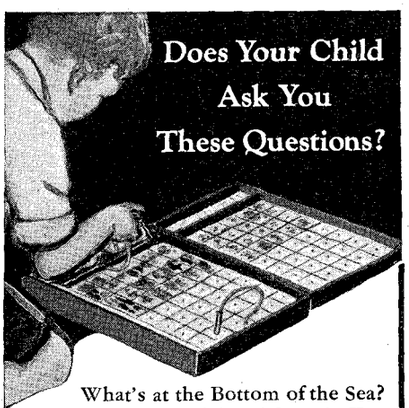

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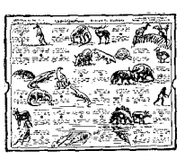

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

November 5.—Many prominent Liberal and Conservative leaders, among them Bartelo Belotti, former Cabinet Minister, are arrested for alleged conspiracy to overthrow the Fascist régime in Italy.

The Portuguese Cabinet decides to grant immediate recognition to the new Brazilian Government.

Lord Passfield, Colonial Secretary, replies to criticism of the new British policy in Palestine by saying that his declaration is in no way inconsistent with the Balfour Declaration and the mandate, and that the Jewish agency is not ordered to cease employing Jewish labor.

The Nobel prize in literature is awarded to Sinclair Lewis for "Babbitt," the first time it has been awarded to an American writer.

November 6.—Six British steamship lines—the Cunard, White Star, Anchor, Red Star, Canadian Pacific, and Atlantic Transport—arrange to eliminate competition and to operate as a single line, in order to meet the German challenge.

November 7.—The Disarmament Commission, meeting at Geneva, agrees to the limitation of Navy personnel, but leaves open the question whether it shall be limited globally or by categories.

A Labor stronghold in Yorkshire is lost by the MacDonald government in England to a Conservative, and, coming on the heels of several Labor reversals in municipal elections, is taken to mark the beginning of the end of the present government.

November 8.—The Disarmament Commission reaffirms its decision of last year to exclude trained mutary reserves from direct limitation, with fourteen delegates, including the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and the Irish Free State, not voting.

The new Brazilian Government is recognized by the United States, Great Britain, and the Vatican State, bringing the number which have accorded recognition to sixteen.

November 9.—The Arab Executive in Jerusalem urges the British Government to stand by its new policy in Palestine in order to allay Arab unrest.

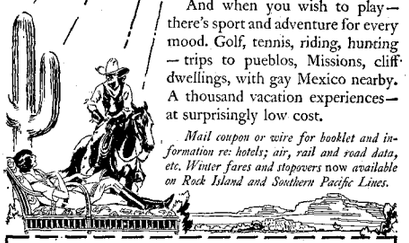
November 10.—Capt. Roy W. Ammel lands at France Field, Colon, Panama, from New York, in 24 hours and 35 minutes, the first solo non-stop flight between the two points.

All Americans other than missionaries begin evacuating Kiangsi and Honan Provinces, China, because of the rapid spread of Communism. Fourteen Catholic missionaries are held for $200,000 ransom by Communists at Kian, Kiangsi Province.

In an address at the Lord Mayor's banquet, broadcast to America, Prime Minister MacDonald says that the world lags behind Great Britain in disarmament, and pledges that Britain will give India that amount of self-government "essential to national self-respect and contentment."

November 11.—Indictments are drawn up against eight Russians, all leaders of the Industrial party, charging them with counter-revolutionary activities, and Sir Henry Deterding of England, ex-Premier Poincaré, and Foreign Minister Briand of France, and Colonel Lawrence

BASK in warm dry, all-winter sunshine



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(Lawrence of Arabia) are also named as conspirators in a plot to overthrow the Soviet Government.

The Belgian coalition Cabinet resigns because of a clash over the use of the French and Flemish languages.

Domestic

November 5.—An explosion in a mine of the Sunday Creek Coal Company, at Millfield, Ohio, kills seventy-nine men, including W. E. Tytus, president, and several other officials of the company, who were on a tour of inspection.

November 7.—President Hoover issues a statement urging national cooperation for economic recovery.

Seven national leaders of the Democratic party—James M. Cox, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Joseph T. Robinson, John M. Garner, John J. Raskob, and Jouett Shouse—unite in a statement offering the minority party's cooperation in every measure conducing to the public welfare.

President Hoover issues a proclamation calling upon the people to observe November 27 as a national day of thanksgiving.

Governor Roosevelt of New York says that he is not now a candidate for President in 1932, and asserts that he will devote all his energies to the governorship.

Senator Smith W. Brookhart, insurgent Republican of Iowa, announces that he will vote with the Democrats to effect organization of the Senate, if necessary, to correct "existing political evils."

Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania assert in a report that college football has become a "contest between professional coaches and their systems," and threatens to become a "racket."

November 8.—President Hoover announces that, to aid unemployment, the Administration will recommend to Congress a special emergency appropriation for additional public works, public buildings, and other forms of Federal construction, and also a "seed loan" assistance to farmers in the drought area.

The American Red Cross reports that it expended more than $316,350 for drought relief from midsummer up to November 1.

November 9.—On behalf of the Republicans, Senator James E. Watson formally accepts the offer of the seven Democratic leaders pledging their party to cooperate with the Republicans in Congress for the stabilization of business and recovery of prosperity.

Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, Chief of Staff of the Army during the World War, dies at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. He was seventy-seven.

November 10.—The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals issues a statement saying that "the Republican party has no alternative but to enforce Prohibition," and that any suggestion of repeal or modification is impossible.

November 11.—In an Armistice Day address, President Hoover says it is possible that some step may be taken to insure the mobilization of world opinion against any nation which violates the Kellogg peace pact.

Gen. T. Coleman du Pont, former Senator from Delaware, and one of the leading financiers of the country, dies at his home in Wilmington, Delaware. He was sixty-seven.

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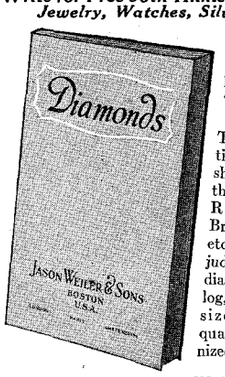

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Atchoo!—SOCIALIST—"After all, what is the difference between the rich man and the poor man?"

BYSTANDER—"The rich man has acute laryngitis and the poor man has a cold."—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

Tune in Lowell Thomas. — Little Waldo was much imprest by his first trip through the garden. Coming to the morning-glories he shouted, "Oh, Mother, come and see the vine with the loud-speakers!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss 1930.—"Darling, may I kiss your hand?" asked the young man with old-fashioned ways.

"Sure, kid, hop to it," said the Modern Jane, "but be careful you don't burn your nose on my cigaret."—*Florida Times-Union.*

The Planet's Complaint. — "What's wrong with the world, anyway?" asked the first pessimist.

"Too much rope is being used for making cigars and not enough to hang gangsters," growled the other one.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

On a Strafing Cruise.—MOTHER—"Why ever are you sitting there when you ought to be in bed?"

PETER—"There's a mosquito in my room."

MOTHER—"It hasn't bitten you, has it, darling?"

PETER—"No, but it came close enough for me to hear its propeller."—*Humorist (London).*

Subject to Emily Post's O. K.—Q.—Is it ever permissible for a young woman to ask a man she has never met to call at her home?

A.—Yes; if she asks him to call for the laundry.

Q.—What does it indicate when a man talks with a lady with his hat on and a cigar or cigaret between his lips?

A.—That they're married.—*Buffalo News.*

Hand Him a Fan.—Sam, who had just fulfilled a lifetime ambition and bought a fur coat, went strutting down the street. He met a poor friend, shivering with cold, who said:

"Say, Sam, it's pretty cold to-day, ain't it?"

"Is it?" said Sam, peering out from the depths of his fur collar. "Now, you know, I really haven't looked at the paper to-day."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Domesticity at Large.—In one of the night clubs last week a gentleman and a lady were sitting quietly supping when another lady entered, strode up to the man, fixed her eye on him coldly, said: "I may be only your wife, but—" and, picking up the tomato bisque before him, poured it over his shirt-front. We report this rowdy incident only to call the attention of the Humanists to the masterful way in which the head waiter met the emergency. With suave reproach he admonished the wife: "Madame, the place for that is in the home."—*The New Yorker.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Convenient Whoopee. — Five rooms, beautifully furnished; next Dive.—*Ad in the New York World.*

Proving the Truth of an Old Saw.—Room and Board—For two, $9, one $10.00.—*Dearborn Press.*

Beating 'Em to It.—The game between Penn and Wisconsin to-morrow will be broadcast by KDKA to-day.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Soothing-Syrup.—Two hundred dollars was left to the Penn Asylum for Indignant Widows and Single Women.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Must Be a Whopper.—Rangoon, Burma.—A ruby, said to be a wonderful gem and to weigh 100 carrots, has been found at Mogok, Upper Burma.—*Glens Falls (N. Y.) paper.*

Bet This Was Telephoned.—LOST—A black satchel containing a white robe, a black merockerback A. M. E. Hymnal and other books.—*Ad in the Lexington (Ky.) Leader.*

In the Cannibal Islands?—This is the story of an advertising genius who works his way up from the position of errand boy to that of a greatly advertised food.—*Calgary Albertan.*

There's a Reason.—Do not exceed 5 miles per hour over bridge BB204 about ¾ mile west of Elso account bridge removed.—*Train order issued on a Western railroad. Original forwarded by a Spice of Life fan.*

Sd Exmple of Misplced Ppluse.—A snap shot recently made at Madrid showing a bull, fatally injured, being dragged around the ren mid the pludits of spectors.—*Caption in the Detroit Free Press.*

All Aboard for the Milky Way.—The huge metal bird, which can carry more than 100 passengers, will have 20,000 liters (about 4,400 gallons) of fuel in its tanks, enough to keep its 12 engines delivering their 7,200 horse-power for 18 years.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

Unsuitable Occasion.—The gentleman who kicked the lady at the show last evening seeks forgiveness. He was too dumfounded to offer an apology at the time. Be assured Madame that he is not in the habit of kicking women—especially when his wife is present.—*Ad in the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.*

Dying Often for Dear Old Whatzis.—When in a scrimmage, his face was held in a pool of water on the playing field. After the pile-up was untangled young Lalonde was found unconscious. Team-mates carried him to a dry place on the field and used artificial respiration to revive him so that he might finish out the game.—*Halifax (N. S.) Herald.*

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